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A

Journal of Choice Literature,

FROM THE

BEST MAGAZINES AND AUTHORS, OLD AND NEW.

APRIL, 1873.

PHILADELPHIA:

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AMERICAN PROTESTANT,  
26 N. Seventh, St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

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EDITOR.

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## NOTICE.

Editors, addressing their exchanges to "AMERICAN PROTESTANT," St. Louis, will please change to Philadelphia.

# CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. UNDER THE BAN. From the French of M. L'Abbe, * * *.....	1
II. THE BEGGAR AND THE KING. A Poem, by J. C. Goodwin.....	11
III. THANKSGIVING. By Rev. W. E. McLaren.....	12
IV. SHALL THE ROMAN CHURCH IN AMERICA BE FREE? Editorial.....	14
V. MY CLIENT UPSTAIRS. Bow Bells Annual.....	17
VI. NAPOLEON III. Editorial.....	23
VII. A WOMAN WILL BE A WOMAN. Belgravia.....	26
VIII. PEEPS AT THE POETS.....	34
IX. HORACE GREELEY—A VICTIM. Editorial.....	36
X. AT HOME AND ABROAD.....	37
XI. BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS. Editorial.....	39
XII. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.....	42
XIII. THE PORCH AND THE ALTAR.....	46
XIV. FUN FOR THE FAMILY.....	47

OFFICE OF  
"The American Protestant,"  
26 North Seventh Street,

S. M. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

*Philadelphia, February, 1873.*

Dear Sir:

I HEREWITH submit a copy of the AMERICAN PROTESTANT. Should it meet your approbation, I hope to merit and receive your patronage and moral support. The Editor endeavors to treat all subjects from a moral and religious standpoint, which he believes is the only way to reach the hearts and consciences of the people. That you may the better observe, from time to time, how this obligation is fulfilled, I shall be happy to mail to your address a copy of the magazine at the rate of \$1 25 per annum

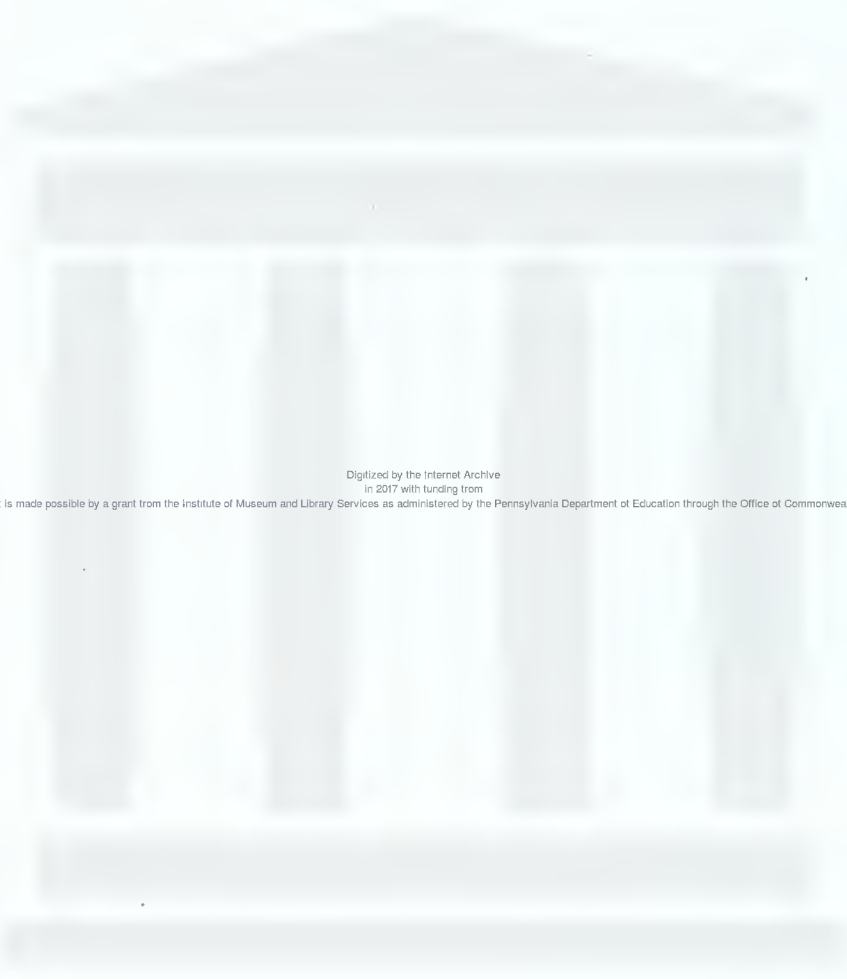
Should it be your pleasure, you will oblige and aid me by your name, at an early day, to the accompanying testimonial, to head my city subscription book. You would further assist by giving me the names of one or more persons who for a remuneration, will institute a thorough canvass in their vicinity

Very Respectfully,

S. M. Kennedy.

WE, the undersigned, would be glad to know that the AMERICAN PROTESTANT gains admission to every family. It treats of leading moral questions that cannot be ignored without endangering the Civil and Religious Liberties of the people, and the perpetuity of the Republic.

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THE  
American Protestant.

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UNDER THE BAN.

(*LE MAUDIT.*)

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*Translated from the French of M L'Abbe \* \* \**

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BOOK THREE.

AT LAW WITH THE JESUITS.

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CHAPTER I.

A CRISIS AMONG THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

\* \* \* \* \*

CHARACTERS :

NAPOLEON III.  
VICTOR EMANUEL.  
JULIO DE LA CLAVIERE.  
VERDELON.  
THE JESUITS.  
CARDINAL ANTONELLI.  
MADAME DE LA CLAVIERE.  
TOURNICHON.  
LOUISE DE LA CLAVIERE.

FATHER BRIFFARD.  
MADELETTE, *a domestic.*  
FATHER CANDAL.  
THE COUNTESS.  
M. GAGUEL.  
M. LE CRICQ.  
MOTHER JUDAS.  
MADAME CAPREDE.  
M. LOUBERE.

---

MORE than a year had passed since the occurrence of one of the greatest events recorded in history. Under the influence of skillful diplomacy, France had been induced to aid the cause of freedom in Northern Italy. Napoleon III., anxious to avoid the prescribed path which had proved fatal to Charles X., and Louis Philippe, and threatened by the popular demand for progress, had flung himself bravely into the work. For this he required, and he knew it, the highest personal energy, indomitable in the presence of opposition which would start up on all sides. The man who had risen on the ruins of a republic, and held democracy chained at his feet, was now to reverse his programme, and proclaim himself the armed dictator of a nation bent upon freedom; in fact, the emperor of a democracy, in the presence of bewildered factions, material interests compromised, and Europe in confusion. To this task he had the courage to address himself. Setting aside entreaties from those nearest to his person, the



remonstrances of such of his courtiers as had got all they wanted and were unwilling to lose it, even the most sinister prophecies, he relied on his star, and set out for Italy. The horny fist of the workman of the suburb of St. Antony grasped the imperial hand in token of delight at the new idea; and the cry that greeted him in his progress was, "All we have is at your disposal; we are yours." Two months after that, Magenta and Solferino wreathed his arms with laurel. The Austrian had been driven back behind the fortresses of Venetia. Lombardy, Tuscany, the Romagnas, and Piedmont formed a mighty empire under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel; and the emperor, pausing only in the presence of grave complications which threatened Europe with a general war, left to time, which has ways of its own of winning victories, to carry out the remainder of the project—"Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic."

The day after the peace of Villafranca, the conqueror devised his new scheme for giving political existence to the emancipated peninsula. It was adapted to the hereditary ideas of Italian patriots. It proposed a confederation of the Pope, the Emperor of Austria for Venetia; the King of Naples, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Piedmont.

This scheme, however logical at first sight, could not possibly be accepted, involving, as it did, insurmountable practical difficulties. Italian diplomatists, bent on Italian unity, would have nothing to say to it; so resolute was the opposition, that the man who was the last in the world to give up an idea he had conceived, inclined his mighty will to the mightier decree of public opinion.

The events of the year 1860 were, with all thoughtful men, full of matter for eager study. The sinking down of the old papal royalty was no mean event. The States were rapidly falling away. An army of occupation was necessary to its very existence. Could there be a yet greater humiliation in store?

The Italian Revolution, with all those stupendous results, provoked, of necessity, among the Catholic clergy, a feeling of bitter animosity against the victorious party, and anxiety as to the certain prospect of the banner of France floating from the Castle of St. Angelo over the shriveled empire which the Pope had abandoned. These misgivings found vent in episcopal manifestoes, the whole rancor of which was directed against "the faithless sovereign of France."

Hence the actual struggle lay between the clergy and the empire. Julio De La Claviere studied its phases with the patience of an anatomist, and his letters to Verdeleron supplied a running comment on this intestine strife.

"To comprehend the actual crisis," he wrote, "you must observe that the system of Church government by a pope or bishops is based on the theory of pontifical royalty. Let that royalty fall, and the Pope sinks from a sovereign into an ordinary bishop—his empire human souls; his sword the Gospel. Such a change at Rome would regenerate Catholicism."

Some of Julio's letters Verdeleron ventured to exhibit to a few of

his more intimate acquaintance, proud of his friend, and secure of sympathy where he showed them. In the prefect's report to the Minister of the Interior, Julio was flatteringly mentioned as one of the most advanced of the clergy of the diocese—a man who, so far from siding with the emperor's opponents, recognized, in the recent events in Italy, the development of a system more favorable than any other to the interests of true religion, and consequently to be regarded as a boon to the Church instead of an assault upon her interests.

On the other hand, Julio's sympathies with the onward movement rendered him more obnoxious than ever to the ill will of the Jesuits and the Ultramontane faction. Protest after protest poured in to the archbishop against the presumptuous young priest who dared to differ from the Pope, whose letters were all over the town, and who did not hesitate to array himself against the altar of God. Jesuit spies were charged to lay hold of these insidious documents, of which constant mention was made in the reports to the general at Rome, who, the more effectually to exterminate him, resolved to speak to Cardinal Antonelli on the subject.

The cardinal commended the zeal of the very reverend father, but, agreeably with the habitual reserve of the Roman court, replied that it was impossible to take any official steps in the matter with the archbishop except on written evidence.

"It is clear, your eminence, that if a party is allowed to form itself among the inferior French clergy, independent of the episcopate, which is thoroughly devoted to the cause of the temporal power, a party which groans under the episcopal yoke, and would fain be rid of it, their sentiments will most assuredly pervade France. There will be a schism among the clergy. Hot-headed men, like this wretched Julio, will become revolutionary agents, and utterly destroy the peace of the Church. Action, and severe action, is absolutely essential, your eminence."

"That's all very true, reverend father, but where are his letters?"

---

## CHAPTER II.

### DEATH OF MADAME DE LA CLAVIERE.

MEANWHILE another event was transpiring at La Claviere—the death of Madame de la Claviere. The last two months cunning old Tournichon had visited her for a few days in every week, in order to prevent her from making any change in her testamentary arrangements. Many a strange scene had passed between the two. Many a time the old lady, harassed by those lingering convictions which curiosity cannot entirely stifle, was on the point of breaking from her bonds, summoning Julio and Louise to her side and showing them how priestly influence had taken advantage of her weakness. But the formidable shadow of Father Briffard revived such apprehensions within her; the conviction which he had so skillfully insinuated into her mind that Louise's proper destination was a convent, where a large

fortune would be worthless to her, made her so doubtful as to the course she ought to take, while the presence of Tourniehon, to whom she was pledged, and who, by constantly reminding her of the disastrous course Julio was taking, had almost made her angry with "that wretched priest," as the old man called him—all these various influences combined to render her so timid that her better impulses gave way. At length her last hour came, and her latest breath passed from her with her latest risings of remorse.

Tourniehon fixed her with his eyes. He never left her for a moment in her agony of mind. He took the utmost care to prevent Julio from hearing of her danger, and intercepted Louise's letters entreating him to hasten home. Julio only received the one that told all was over, and testified at the same time his sister's surprise that he had not come before.

So he arrived at La Claviere to find Tourniehon installed as master and his aunt a corpse. The Jesuit spy came and went as he pleased; gave orders and made arrangements according to his royal will. Louise and two sisters of charity were watching in the chamber of death when Julio entered and knelt by the bed.

After a moment of earnest prayer and mournful memory, he rose, and received his weeping sister in his arms, not having seen her for a long time. He then led her to the drawing-room, and attempted to soothe her grief. Seating her in a chair, he was not a little astonished to see Tourniehon unceremoniously entering the room, and intruding himself on their privacy. He had always disliked the man, and felt toward him a sort of instinctive repugnance; but, as the Jesuit claimed to be a friend of his aunt's, he had admitted the plea as entitling him to regard, and invariably treated him with all proper courtesy.

Yet a look of intense displeasure crossed his countenance on the present occasion. The other understood it, and lowered his gaze demurely, assuming a serious and subdued expression, and giving the young abbe to understand that his heart was not far from breaking. There are some men who can get up affliction with such thorough neatness of rendering. Julio, however, maintained a significant silence. The inconsolable was the first to speak.

"My excellent friend, and you, my dear young lady, have lost an admirable relative, worthy indeed to be regretted by you."

"Just so, sir," said Julio, in his most icy tone; "and therefore, under the circumstances, we should be glad to be alone; my sister needs my efforts to console her."

"Most natural; but let me remind you where the best consolation is to be found—at the foot of the Cross."

Up went the eyes, and the bosom of that meek old man heaved with a sigh of most unutterable anguish.

Julio remained standing without offering the intruder a seat. A moment of silence ensued.

"Probably you have been surprised, M. l'Abbe, not to see the papers and doors sealed up."



"I did not notice the omission. Now that I am here, and my sister and myself are the only heirs, such a step would be needless. I am glad it was never taken, as my dear Louise's feelings have been happily spared so far. If it is to you, sir, that we owe this consideration, I thank you."

"No, it does not concern me—that is to say, it does very much—for—"

And Tournichon, in decided perplexity, stopped, and had recourse once more to a soothing sigh.

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir," said Julio.

"Providence has its designs, with which it inspires the souls of the faithful, and well does it become us to submit to them. Your aunt, my dear sir, was a saint, and nothing short of it—a thorough, downright saint."

"Quite so."

"Whose motives it would be as well to respect, even though we were unable to understand them."

"It is you I am unable to understand, M. Tournichon. Pray cut it short, and tell me what you are driving at."

"M. l'Abbe, the omission of the customary seals was by the order of your late aunt, my esteemed friend."

More sighs—they were such a comfort!—with a slight admixture of eye-wiping. But no tears happening to be on hand, he resumed, as calmly as his emotions would permit,

"That wish remains under her hand, with directions to her sole legatee to carry out all the provisions of her will."

Julio began to see his meaning now. He looked at him with a penetrating gaze.

"And that legatee, pray who may he be?"

"My esteemed friend," said Tournichon, waiving the answer direct, "was pleased to repose the fullest confidence in me. I knew—for she confided them to me—her most intimate thoughts and distresses. You understand whence they arose, and I might tell you much of what she suffered in seeing the frustration of her dearest hopes. I do but discharge her last wishes in informing you how acutely she was hurt by the course adopted by one who owed her so much—"

"To the point, sir; fewer words, if you please. My aunt's legatee is yourself, I presume?"

"Exactly so, M. l'Abbe; her executor and the sole heir of the property."

And Tournichon, in announcing his position in the house, arrayed his exulting countenance in such an exquisite garb of compunction and humility, that, had the circumstances been less serious, Julio would have laughed outright.

As it was, he simply replied.

"If you have it in your power to prove this, sir, we shall know how to submit with becoming dignity."

"My respectable friend, M. l'Abbe, was in full possession of her

faculties up to the last moment of her life. Miss Louise knows this as well as I do. And as she was justice itself, she has left you both an annuity which will be duly paid to you. A priest is a single man, and has but few wants. As for the young lady, hard though this may be, her aunt thought that an heiress's position was one of great peril, and resolved to save her from it. I give you her own words: "I should blame myself should I leave a large fortune to Louise; her beauty and wealth would be a great snare to her. I know she will think me harsh in my conduct, but one day she will thank me for it."

A smile of inconceivable bitterness was on Julio's lips during this address.

"Scoundrel!" he said to Louise, in a whisper.

Then looking at the man, whom he loathed far more for his hypoerisy than for the part he had played as Jesuit jackall, he said,

"Enough, sir. As soon as my aunt is buried, we go."

"Oh M. l'Abbe, I have no wish to be hard upon you. Miss Louise is welcome to remain as long as she pleases."

"You don't mean that. But, believe me, we should find it utterly impossible to take advantage of your kindness. At present, there's the door."

Through which Tournichon bolted somewhat expeditiously, and Julio flinging his arms round his sister, exclaimed.

"Poor dear child, you have only me to comfort you now, but how I love you!"

And he found a painful pleasure in the thought which would thrust itself into his mind though he repudiated it with indignation. "Louise disinherited would yet be his."

A few moments after their kind friend returned. He had a white wooden box, dark with age, and firmly secured with much string and red wax. On it was inscribed, "Papers of the family of Julio de la Claviere."

"I am an honorable man I assure you," he said, "and I am about to prove it to you. Here is a box of parchments and family deeds. I give them to you unopened, as your aunt found them in your father's study at the time of his death. I might have kept them, for there are no instructions in the will to the effect that you were to have them. Believe me, sir, believe me, young lady, I am, I assure you on my word, an honorable man."

And the hypocrite drew himself up with suitable dignity on the strength of this most considerate act.

"Thank you: put it on the table," was all the answer he got.

"Of course your aunt's fortune will be devoted wholly to religious purposes. I would never have consented to enrich myself at your expense. No, sir; the entire property of La Claviere will be expended in good works. No heir of mine shall ever touch an atom of it."

"Do what you like with La Claviere, sir, though we have a pretty shrewd guess where the money is going; that is no affair of ours. Only will you have the goodness to leave us to ourselves?"

Verdelon, summoned by a note from Louise, came with all dis-

patch. He entered the room at the very moment that Tournichon, delighted with his own honorable conduct, was making his bow.

Louise's single utterance, "We are disinherited," came like a thunder-clap upon him.

"Disinherited!" he cried.

"Yes," said Julio; "but what matter? our happiness did not depend on our fortune."

Verdelon prevailed upon him to tell him all that had passed with Tournichon.

"We shall see whether you are disinherited," he said, when the tale was told; "The Jesuits are at the bottom of this, clearly. Tournichon is well known as their agent. He has been nothing more than a go-between in this matter, and the law is very severe on that head. There is no doubt whatever that the Jesuits have been guilty of spoliation. Justice will favor the natural heirs. With proper proofs we are sure of our case. We must attack the will."

"My dear fellow," said Julio, "let the matter rest at present. Let us think of the last duties to be paid to my poor aunt; let us excuse her infirmities, and remember her with grateful love. Louise, this is only a debt of gratitude which we owe to our second mother."

With all due solemnity the remains were carried to the grave. Wax candles, great and numerous, with rich mortuary hangings, were produced from the treasures of the sacristy. The great silver cross and best holy-water basin were put in requisition. Choristers summoned to their aid their most superior vocal powers, and the vicar intoned the office of the dead at a considerably slower rate than he would have thought desirable had it been the case of putting a pauper out of sight. There was a costly offertory and a pompous funeral oration, in which the audience were spared neither Latin quotations nor unbounded eulogies, the characteristics of that species of discourse.

The service over, Louise and Julio returned to La Claviere, the pleasant cradle of their infancy, deeply dejected at the thought of being compelled to abandon it to the spoiler.

The same evening Tournichon, who, during the ceremony, had stood by the catafalque expending an endless stock of sighs and wry faces, communicated to Madelette the legacy which her mistress had left her.

The old servant added to her other inestimable qualities that of affection for worldly goods. All her life she had cherished the hope of being rich, and pictured to herself the idea that, with her wages, which she had invested year by year with scrupulous care, added to the handsome sum which she expected at her mistress's death, she would be able to establish herself at Valcabriere in a fine tiled house, as the squires of the village. Madame de la Claviere had told her, a hundred times, that she was down in her will; and Father Briffard, who required Madelette's influence over her mistress, had skillfully worked upon her avarice by giving her to understand that the fair portion which would accrue to her in due time would only be hers on



condition that neither of the orphans effected any change in their aunt's will.

When, however, the exact amount of the modest allowance, carefully limited by the Jesuits, had been made known to her, she all but fell on the ground with dismay.

"You are not satisfied," said Tournichon, with a bantering air. "You calculated, probably, on dividing La Claviere with me?"

"Not for a moment, sir," she said, in great confusion.

"This allowance will secure you against all future want. What more do you require?" Adding with insolent hypocrisy, "Take care daughter, to make a good use of this money, which is a fortune to you. I would advise your retiring into a convent in the capacity of lay sister. There you will end your days in holiness and peace. You might lose your soul at any age."

"Botheration take him," she muttered to herself. "The fellow can't do without preaching."

"Don't put yourself about, sir," she said aloud. "I do not require your services as a spiritual adviser. I only hope that, come the judgment day, your account may be as light as mine."

"What do you mean by your insolence?"

"Nothing, the least in the world, sir. Only I know you have not done your part for nothing in this affair; and I have a shrewd suspicion that your wages will be better than mine."

"Holy Virgin! Madelette, it's the devil that puts such language into your lips. My good girl, your conclusions are fearfully rash. Go and confess at once. Why, do you not know you are on the point of falling into mortal sin?"

"That's right—on you go. Preach away! It doesn't alter the case, which is just this: I shall have mighty little, and you and yours will get it all. And yet without me . . . ."

"I swear to you solemnly, Madelette, since you appear to know more of the matter than I thought, that I have but sought, in the whole of this transaction, to advance the glory of God; and that, so far as I myself am concerned, I have only deducted my simple expenses, incurred during so many hours in which I have had to leave my business, and by so many journeys here. These little matters settled, all the rest will go to the Jesuits."

"That's not what Father Briffard told me. He said that he had to buy you in preeious high. There, go along with you. I see it all now. I have had to work for him and you. I pulled your chestnuts out of the fire, and you only give me enough for food and clothing."

"And what more does a good Christian require in this valley of tears?"

"I may live thirty years yet; and I should not have been sorry to finish my days at Valcabriere."

"A temptation to pride, that, Madelette."

"Oh yes! And I suppose you have never had any temptation of the kind sir—you're so very humble! Bless your heart! All the same. Your goodness didn't keep you from pocketing the gold coins of the property, and leaving the poor sous to me. Now listen, since you drive me to say it: I am in a downright rage with you, and that's a fact. I see I've been your dupe: you have taken advantage of my simpleness. I have been my poor mistress's jailer. How often have I stopped her complaints? how



often have I lied to my own conscience to tell her that she was doing right ? And something told me all the time that I was playing false. Those dear children ! Oh ! when I think of the poor things that I've loved so much, and now I see I have helped you to rob them, as the wolves plunder the flock in the dark corners of a wood. I'm as wretched as I can be, and that's all about it !"

"They are not so much to be pitied, after all."

"Perhaps not ; if you've treated them as handsomely as you've treated me, they must be rolling in riches."

"Mademoiselle Louise has an annuity of a thousand francs."

"My ! What a splendid marriage portion ! About enough to marry a cobbler with !"

"Her brother has an annuity also to the same amount ; and he is a worthless fellow, and a disgrace to the Church. The good fathers were too soft-hearted to leave him a beggar, as they should have done. Had they listened to me, Father Briffard should have insisted on Madame de la Claviere's striking him out of her will altogether ; he would have richly deserved it !"

"More shame on you for daring to say such wicked, false things, M. Tourniehon. You make me more mad than ever. I feel the color coming up into my face. The way the poor young gentleman is treated is just disgraceful—so honorable, so pleasant, and good to every body ; and such a scholar as he is ! He has more learning than all your fathers put together. Get along with you, do ; don't talk to me ; it isn't for the like of me to argue with you. I'm only a poor peasant ; but I have heard fine gentlemen, very learned, and advocates, who knew all about it, say that he is the best preacher in T—. They are all jealous of him, and that is the reason why they don't like him."

"Have it so, if you choose, Madelette. You keep your opinion, and I keep mine : nor am I required to render an account to you for any thing. Meanwhile, you have notice to leave. You see I am entering on my memorandum-book that I have paid you your wages."

"I see sir. Trust me, I shall never want any thing more from you."

"Then good-by ; have your things taken away."

"Never fear, sir. Only you'll have to wait till my nephew comes from Valeabrere, with his cart, to fetch me."

"By all means ; I give you to the end of the week."

"No ! But that is good of you !"

### CHAPTER III.

#### MADELETTE'S REVELATIONS.

As Julio and Louise had determined to quit La Claviere the day after the funeral, they wished to bid adieu forever to that fair abode of their youth, where they had grown up under the tender guardianship of their second mother. They thought they should like to visit all the different park-walks one after the other, and say good-by to the ivied rocks and gnarled old trees on which they had carved their initials.

Louise almost broke down at the little lake, with its gold-fish, the banks of which had been the scene of her first love-passage. Returning to the house, they visited the up-stairs corridor, where they had played in winter days ; they saw their little rooms still full of those thousand noth-

ings which, standing on chimney-pieces or attached to walls, give a room or a house all its character, but all which would have to go to the spoilers. Louise wished, indeed, to take down and carry off a few miniatures; but this Julio forbade.

"It's none of ours," he said.

Then they went and knelt at the foot of the bed, on which their aunt had died.

"Poor thing! God forgive her!"

And, crossing the great drawing-room, which looked sombre enough through the vestibule, with its black and white marble floor, leading to the principal staircase, they sallied forth.

"Why, Julio," said Louise, suddenly stopping, "we were going with out saying good-by to Madelette."

"So we were! Where is she to be found?"

And returning by the staircase, Louise led her brother to Madelette's room. They found her busily engaged in packing, her assortment of movables being numerous and eccentric, and comprising all those various treasures that servants in large houses manage to amass after many years' service.

"Ah! my dear children," said Madelette, on seeing them come in, "you are very good to pay me a visit."

"Not at all, Madelette; it is your due—you have been most kind to us for many years."

"We have only one regret," added Louise, "that we are not able to keep you. We are poor now."

These simple words produced deep remorse in the old woman's breast. And being still under the influence of her hatred for Tournichon, whom she regarded as the cause of her disappointment, she made a clean breast of it to Julio and Louise, and revealed to them all the by-paths by which the Jesuits had arrived at the coveted property.

The upshot of her information was, that she had been kept in the dark for a long time; but that, on learning from Tournichon the immense influence which she possessed over her mistress, the Jesuits deemed it absolutely essential to engage her services, promising her, at the same time, a handsome reward.

She described a scene which had taken place without Louise's knowledge just before Madame de la Claviere's death. The old lady, reproached by her conscience, had resolved to alter her will, or, at all events, to add a codicil which, while it was to leave to Julio, against whom she had begun to be prejudiced, only a small annuity, would secure to Louise a handsome marriage portion. Madelette had even been ordered to summon a notary; but, fearing to lose the proffered Jesuit bribe, had communicated the matter to Tournichon. That worthy man came at once to La Claviere, and so wrought on the mind of the poor old lady that, when the notary arrived, she simply said,

"Forgive me, sir, for having brought you here. I did wish. . . . But I see I must let things remain as they are."

And so the matter ended,

Madelette disclosed all this very much as an expiation of her dishonorable conduct in the matter. She overwhelmed Louise with caresses, and promised to visit her at St. Aventin.

Verdelon was impatiently expecting them at T——. He, as well as his friends, was a victim of the robbery. He loved Louise most ardently; but, then, a penniless bride was not to his liking. Could he marry such a one?

had been his painful thought from the moment of his first hearing the news Verdelon was of a decisive character. He had great self-control and could crush out any feeling of his heart rather than condemn himself to the pains of poverty.

There was an alternative left however—to attack the will. Here was a prospect, in the first place, of honor and glory for himself, whichever way the issue was; and, next, a chance of a handsome fortune, through the marriage he desired. He counted all the chances; and, as soon as he heard what Madelette had said, he counted on an easy victory.

In spite of Julio's natural indifference to money, he found himself involved by his friend in a war with the Jesuits. Verdelon provided the needful writs, only too glad to be engaged in a cause, the European reputation of which might be safely relied on.

He took leave of Louise, grasping her hand, and giving her a look of mingled sorrow and affection. Julio, who had noticed the warmth of the feeling, wanted to set out for St. Aventin the same day; so eager was he to get safe hold of the treasure which death had consigned to him—a treasure more precious far than all that Father Briffard had taken from him.

[*To be Continued.*]

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## THE BEGGAR AND THE KING.

BY J. C. GOODWIN.

One summer afternoon, within his palace,  
The king sits nodding on his throne of state;  
And, drinking of the same care-freeing chalice,  
All round about him drowsy courtiers wait.  
Without the palace-gate, the sun's rays pouring  
Full down upon his unprotected head,  
A beggar lies; whom, spite of his imploring,  
The liveried slaves have driven from his shed.  
And gentle sleep, with silent, soothing fingers,  
Wraps king and beggar in its soft repose,  
And as its presence in the palace lingers,  
The eyes of courtiers, too, in slumber close.  
All slept, and o'er the minds of each came stealing,  
The dim and airy fabric of a dream:  
And all the chambers of the mental feeling,  
Straightway with many floating fancies teem.

The king lived o'er again his days of glory:  
Once more he heard his subjects' loud acclaim;  
Again he trod the field of battle gory,  
And purchased by ten thousand deaths, his name;  
He heard again the trumpets' clangor calling;  
He heard the shouts of foemen and of friend;  
And louder than the death-groans of the falling,  
He heard the war-cries' ringing thunders blend;  
He dreamed of plundered towns and pillaged cities,  
Of slaughtered innocents, whose blood he spilt;  
He heard his minstrels sing their fulsome ditties,  
In praise of him whose soul was steeped in guilt;  
He felt anew the cares which round him hovered,  
When his high pinnacle of fame was won;  
He felt the conscience-pangs he oft had smothered  
When some most foul and cruel act was done;

He dreamed of plots which 'gainst him were directed  
 By patriot souls, who sought their land to free ;  
 He gave to death those daring few detected,  
 The block for prize, and heaven for liberty ;  
 He saw again his royal offspring falling,  
 Struck by the vengeance of the mighty hand ;  
 He heard his subjects' bitter whispers, calling  
 For freedom for their poor, down-trodden land.

But ah ! without the gate, the beggar, sleeping,  
 Saw visions seldom seen by mortal eye ;  
 For o'er his tired soul came glimpses ereeping  
 Of glories which shall never fade nor die.  
 He heard the heavenly choirs their anthems raising,  
 In tuneful cadences, and strains sublime ;  
 He heard the voice of countless millions praising,  
 Whose song shall echo to the end of time ;  
 Beside the stream of life he walked surrounded  
 By angels, in pure robes and crowns of gold ;  
 And all the starry courts the while resounded  
 With melody from golden harps untold.  
 Forgotten all his pain, his care, his anguish ;  
 His dreary pilgrimage forgotten now ;  
 No longer did his soul in sorrow languish,  
 Nor sweat of agony roll down his brow ;  
 He walked no more the earth, with tears and sighing,  
 But trod the courts above, in light arrayed ;  
 And answered now is all his piteous crying :  
 He heard the voice of Love.—“Be not afraid !”

So passed the afternoon : the sun descended  
 'Mid golden clouds and purple, hazy smoke,  
 That with the far-off faint-lined hills were blended ;  
 And courtiers, beggar, and the king awoke.  
 One woke to toil and care ; his dream had taught him,  
 Sleep was no blessing, though it closed his eyes :  
 The beggar woke ; his golden dream had brought him  
 Blessing and rest,—he woke in Paradise.

## THANKSGIVING.

BY REV. W. E. M'LAREN.

WE have reason for thanks. Let every individual scrutinize the past and see whether on a fair retrospect the bells of his heart ought not to ring a merry Thanksgiving chime to-day.

Thanks imply a giver giving gifts. He who feels that he owes all to his own skill, shrewdness and industry, will not know how to praise God. It is easy to forget that among the totality of causes God is the first cause ; and because the divine energy is silent and unseen, operating mainly through second causes, it is easy to imagine that results are due to the more palpable agencies which are only human. There is great danger in half-truths. A merchant produces his balance sheet. It shows a splendid profit. He says, “here is the brain and here the arm, and here the capital that did it !” He speaks truly, but he speaks only half the truth or less than half, for the fact is that over him and his plans and his toils a Divine Mind has constantly presided.



The half truth genders pride and self-worship, but the whole truth makes a place in the heart for Thanksgiving. Secondary causes are but the glove that hides the hand of the Almighty. Law is but the wire over which the invisible but efficacious currents of the Divine will flow. Behind them all towers the awful form of God.

It is essential to real thanksgiving that we do not exaggerate our trials and misfortunes. We are apt to look at blessings through the large end of the opera-glas, and at sorrows and trials and worries through the small end, magnifying them out of all proportion. Here is a man who has a niche and fills it well. A fair wife's affections are his and the love of a lovely family. He has a good home and a prosperous business and an untarnished reputation and the faith of a christian. God seems to deluge him with sunshine. But there is a little something somewhere that goes wrong and the man becomes as very a whiner as sable-suited Hamlet. He sees nothing but that little flaw. He is a very owl, and the more sunshine God gives him, the more dull and melancholy he becomes. Hosannas will certainly languish on such a man's tongue. And thus it is with too many of us—a little worry or pain or loss eclipses the whole joy and brightness and beauty of life! Nero making himself miserable over the loss of one of Poppea's hairs, was not one whit less wise than they who make such ado over life's little trials.

But what shall we say of the heavy burdens and real sorrows? Shall we ignore them? No; that were impossible; but let us not magnify nor exaggerate them. You have seen many persons shut out the light of divine consolation by repeating old Jacob's mistake, when recounting his sorrows, he said, "all these things are against me," whereas, as he afterwards discovered they were *for* him. No man was ever so sorely afflicted that he had not left more to be thankful for than to mourn over. I say nothing of our sorrows, in themselves positive blessings. This is a lesson to be learned not by the hearing of the ear, but in the school of experience. It is only thus that we can comprehend the mystery of sorrow, as a friend that weaves thorns into a crown and makes us strong by the baptism of tears. It is only thus we can perceive the peculiar beauty with which the goodness of God illustrates itself on a background of human sorrow. In those Gethsemane-hours which sooner or later come to us all when we are drawn away from the routine of life into an atmosphere of inconceivable anguish, when all the rest of the world seems as though it were not, and we, as though standing between two sentences—

*"Stars silent over us,  
Graves under us silent."*

Then he that hath an eye to see, will discern the very highest tokens of infinite pity, goodness and love. Read in the light of sorrow it is a parable of God's love. It is only when, by suffering, self is crucified and dies, that the veil of the temple is rent, and we enter the immediate fellowship of God.

The grandest sight in all the world is that of a man who rises above disappointment and disaster with an enthusiastic joy that things

are no worse than they are, and instead of lying down to moan and die, marches buoyantly onward to a tune inside. To such all days are Thanksgiving Days.

Another quality necessary to a spirit of praise is contentment. There never was a people so blessed and so discontented as we Americans are. Nothing is wholly satisfactory, and we don't count on things being so. To appreciate blessings one must see them as such, but to be suited with nothing is to silence praises and choke off thankfulness. Much of the unhappiness we suffer in the various circumstances of life arises more from the spirit of discontent than from the circumstances themselves. "No man is poor who does not think himself poor." He that can accept reverse as the best thing for him because God wills it has really suffered no reverse. On the other hand, prosperity is not prosperity so long as a man fears to lose it. Do you call him rich who is almost shivering with fear lest his riches may take wings and fly away? Such a being sees lions in any pathway and is miserable. But the opposite spirit can accept misfortune or hardship and see a world of mercies left to think about.

But perhaps too much has been said about the adversities and worries and sorrows of life as impediments to thankfulness. Perhaps I ought to caution against the dangers of prosperity, for it is a strange thing that we can forget God when all things go well with us. It was said of a certain pope that when he was an obscure priest he thought himself a pretty good man, but when he became a bishop he doubted of his salvation; and when he became pope he despaired of it. Let us beware of self-deception of imagining we need the Divine help any the less when we are increased in goods than when we suffer need.

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### SHALL THE ROMAN CHURCH IN AMERICA BE FREE?

SUCH friends do Roman Catholics claim to be of republican institutions that the thinking portion of them will probably thank us for the above inquiry. They will also see that the subject is treated fairly, which ought to insure it consideration.

In ancient times the bishops, as well those of Rome, as of other Episcopal Sees, were elected by the people, and to such elections was applied the saying *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*. It was the last half of the eleventh century, under Nicholas II., that a rule was made by which the election was taken from the clergy, nobility and the people, and given to the cardinal bishops of Rome, to whom were added afterwards the cardinal presbyters or priests. This custom prevailed in England as well as in France and in other countries.

But "the kings," says President Henault, "in founding benefices, and in receiving the church into the state, succeeded to the right of election, which the faithful originally exercised." This reason obvi-

ously does not exist in this country; for here there can hardly be said to be any benefices in the modern canonical sense of the word. But if we may so call them, they are founded by the voluntary contributions of the worshippers, to which sometimes are added the contributions of others, who must be supposed especially to intend their benefit. Here, too, no church is received into the state in the sense of this expression. Here we have no king "upon whom," adopting the expression of Talon, "the subjects repose the government of the state, of which the church is the noblest part." Why then may not the Roman Catholics of the United States return to what was the ancient discipline of the church, and exercise the right of selecting their own spiritual guides, independent of any foreign potentate. To this the question must come sooner or later. What it needs in America is a fearless leader.

The only other objection mentioned by President Henault (who sums them all up) is, that simony, intrigue and ignorance prevailed at the elections and gave to the dioceses unworthy pastors. Without inquiring how far this consideration was properly allowed to operate during the dark ages—(and it was during that period this change of discipline occurred)—it would not be very respectful to the intelligence of American Roman Catholic laity to suppose them deficient in the knowledge requisite to the exercise of a right which is purely their own. As to the fear of simony and intrigue, it can be founded only upon the supposition of a state of morals which it is to be hoped may never exist in this country. Besides, the fear of these evils is proved to be groundless by the experience of other denominations in the United States, to whom the Roman Catholics do not accord a common morality; and for the prelates to persist in withholding from the worshippers of their communions the right of election on the ground that it is a necessary or proper precaution against abuses of this nature, is making an injurious distinction which secular society would not tolerate, and which is a violation of common politeness.

One effect of this restoration of the right of election would be to bring the ecclesiastical organization of the American Roman Catholic church into more apparent harmony with the other institutions of the country. The Catholic body in the United States is sufficiently numerous to supply the material for its own organization, and the restoration to them of the elective franchise, as it was exercised in the ancient church for nearly eleven centuries, would be an effectual precaution against the mission or authoritative institution of pastors whose principles or qualifications may not be entirely approved by



American Roman Catholics, an occurrence which is certainly possible, even if it should be thought improbable. We are very jealous of our appointing political power. If the church is superior to the state, should we not be guarded there also.

This return might tend also to elevate the character of the clergy by supplying motives for the cultivation of those qualities which would render them more useful and more acceptable to their flocks. The idea is entertained by many citizens, that this nation is advancing more rapidly in improvement than any other portion of the civilized world. If this be so all should progress together, without detriment to each other. Very intelligent persons who have emigrated from different countries in Europe, and have settled in the United States, and among them are some eminent prelates,) have avowed a strong and very decided approbation if not preference of the principles of our social systems. If such praise be honest to the institutions of the country, their genial effects upon the ecclesiastical bodies must necessarily be very important, and their benefits could not fail to be applied by the practice of election. In this respect a return to the ancient discipline would be very auspicious.

Many more observations might be made upon this topic, but they will readily occur to the reader. If the declarations of some of the American Roman Catholic prelacy be sincere, they should be the first to lead off in this reform. They could easily lead to an alteration in the present organic arrangements of the church. Perhaps they may also induce a declaration of liberties by the American prelacy similar to that of the Galican clergy in 1682, if not equal to that of Doel-lenger in 1870. The American Roman Catholic laity would, without doubt, concur in the first, and possibly in the second, with an independent ecclesiastical head in America. . Why not?

"That which it concerns governments and people to know," says an old author, "is truth; that which harms them is imposture." In a country where the political institutions repose upon public opinion, it is vitally important that all opinions, upon all subjects of interest should be formed in the light and under the influence of truth. Truth always inspires a spirit of soberness. It never does harm, and it can scarcely happen that any sort of truth can be altogether useless. Fanaticism is founded on error. Bigotry is founded on ignorance, which is *not* the mother of devotion; but true happiness is founded on truth. May we inquire after it, and wait for a reply, till we find it.



## MY CLIENT UPSTAIRS.

WHEN I first began to practise as a solicitor at Brighton, I occupied an office in a street not far from the Western-road. I could only afford to hire one room, for my professional earnings were at present nil, and my means rapidly approaching the same figure; and a queer three-cornered room it was. The house had been built in a curious shape, to fit the site, which was in form an irregular triangle. The other rooms on the same floor were pretty square, and all the corners and twists had been screwed into mine, which was let cheap on account of its not being a handsome apartment. It looked out over roofs and chimney-pots, and by putting my head close to the wall and looking sideways, I could just catch a glimpse of one of the minarets of the wonderful Pavilion. I had the window painted over, however, with a coat of white lead, as I found that the habit of looking out of window didn't tend to professional industry; and then, as now, I'm so vague in my mental habits, that I required the very smallest excuse for neglecting the work I had in hand, and the speckled back of a cat or the brown wing of a sparrow would carry my mind far away from the realms of sheepskin. But when the window was done up I took to reading novels, and I don't know whether I shouldn't have done better with my furred and feathered friends.

As far as attendance went, however, I was a most exemplary attorney. Indeed, for the first few months of my tenancy, I had almost lived at my office. I had my dinner sent from a neighboring tavern, and after business hours I would sport the oak and sit smoking over the fire, reading a little and thinking a good deal, till far into the night. My thoughts were not over-pleasant. The dwindling away of my little capital, the improbability of its replenishment, the difficulty of making any head against the *vis inertiae* of life,—these were the topics of my meditations.

The rest of the building was occupied for offices by a surveyor and architect, a man who had a large staff of clerks and seemed to do a good business. The rule of the house was, that at seven o'clock the woman who lived in an adjoining back street, would come and lock up. Nobody slept in the house. If any one wanted to stay later, he could have the keys, on condition that he left them at the charwoman's house.

I was generally the last in, and Mrs. Winton the charwoman usually came to my room with the keys, it had become such a constant occurrence for me to lock up the house. One night it happened that I had gone out for a few minutes, in fact to purchase a penny roll which I intended to eat for tea, and in the mean time Mrs. Winton had been to the place and locked up. I had therefore to go for the keys, and having obtained them, I let myself in and made my way upstairs to my own room. Now I must tell you, that there was another story above the floor in which my office was situated; but the stairs leading to that story were blocked up by bulks of timber stretched across.

My landlord had told me that this floor was unoccupied. The rooms, he said, were mere dogholes and of no use; they had been servant's bedrooms long ago, when the house was used as an inn. I put my latch-key into the lock and was about to open my door; it hung a little, and I was putting my knee against it to force it open, when in the act I turned my head, and saw in the gloom, for it was almost dark, the glimmer of a white figure standing on the stairs just above me. I was a little startled, and sprang into my room more quickly than I should otherwise have done. I struck a match, lit a candle, feeling all the while as if somebody were looking over my shoulder; but as soon as the light appeared, my fears also vanished; I went out into the landing with a candle, and looked about me. There was no sign of anybody there. Still I felt the sense of something uncanny about the place. I couldn't sit down and read—indeed Mrs. Winton had raked out the fire—and so I turned out once more, and went home to my lodgings.

This was Saturday night, and of course I had no idea of going to the office next day. But it so happened that I was going away on the Monday morning to Lewes, by the first train; and as I was walking homewards—I had been to Kemptown, and then lodged at the upper end of the Western-road—I bethought me that some papers I should want next day were at my office. I went for the keys, therefore, and let myself in; and having unlocked my office, I got the papers, fastened up my desk, and sat down. I felt dull, and cold, and miserable; and I knew that if I went back to my lodgings, I should find no fire and nobody to light one; for the people I lodged with were very regular in their attendance at chapel, and one of the conditions they made when I took the rooms was, that there should be no cooking on Sundays. The consequence was, that I rarely had any dinner at all on Sundays, but made a very late breakfast instead; and as for anything else, why, I took my chance. On this day chance had not befriended me; I had eaten nothing since breakfast, and felt rather weak and hungry. At the office I kept some coffee and a percolator, a tiny kettle, and a bag of biscuits; and it happened that Mrs. Winton had laid the fire ready for Monday morning, so that I had nothing to do but to put a match to it, and there before long I had a comfortable smiling fire and the kettle singing merrily. After I had made my coffee, I began to think a glass of grog afterwards would not be amiss. I went out therefore once more, and got a bottle of whiskey at the public-house I was in the habit of having my dinner from, and brought it back in my pocket. And then I sat down in my office chair, which was tolerably easy, and lit my pipe, and began to feel comfortable. So comfortable indeed I felt, that after a while my head sank on my breast, my limbs relaxed, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was quite dark, and very cold. The candle had gone out, the fire was out; there was not a spark of light anywhere. In truth, for a few minutes I couldn't recollect where I was, or indeed who I was. It was as if a smoothing-iron had passed over my mind,

and I had lost all memory and sense of identity; everything but a tremor of trouble and pain,—under which I gasped and struggled like a new-born infant for its first breath. And when I came to a recollection of where I was, this sense of oppression, of almost despair, still haunted me. I seemed to be encompassed by some inexplicable wrong and discomfort, from which I could not escape. I began to tremble violently, and fell into a cold profuse perspiration. But there had been something in my sleep, that had harmonized with my misery—a sort of bass accompaniment to the treble of my own imaginings; and I was conscious that although their dismal chords were now ceasing to vibrate within me, yet that the accompaniment still continued. When I came to myself more completely, I found that some such maimed and mournful performance really was going on, for I distinctly heard a chorus of deep rapid groans. They seemed to come from all around, and I sprang from my chair, trying to fight them away with my hands. I only beat the air. My match-box was empty; I blindly made my way to the door; if I couldn't reach the open air, I felt I should go mad.

When I opened the door, I heard the groans still more distinctly. They came from above; the stairs seemed alive with them. I was unnerved by my uneasy slumbers, and completely carried away by a superstitious panic terror. The door of my room had slammed to behind, and I had left the latch-key inside, also the key of the outer door. I couldn't regain my own room; and if I went down-stairs, I should only find myself in a dark narrow lobby, out of which there was no egress, for I had locked the front door when I came in. All of a sudden the groans ceased, and everything became deadly still. Then the clocks of the churches round chimed out the hour—one. It was the dearest, loneliest time of night, and I was locked up in this dismal haunted house.

From earliest childhood I have had at times a frightful vision. I am shut up in a lonely house; I hear the tramp of footsteps outside, the noise of the street. All gradually becomes silent; all signs of life die away; a dim gray twilight encompasses me. And then, rooted to one spot, unable to move or cry, I am surrounded by the crepitation and whir of some vast fluttering, as of myriad wings, in the midst of which appears, I know not what: the Evil One, I used to think, but I never saw him; I always woke with the vehemence and strength of my terror. Just such a nightmare I had upon me now, but I couldn't wake from it.

I suppose at last that the shame I inwardly felt at letting my nerves get the better of my reason, drove me forward. I know that eventually I faced the stairs, carried them with a rush, scrambled over or under—I don't know which—the balks of timber, and found myself on a narrow landing, from which opened half-a-dozen doors. It wasn't very dark here, as there was a skylight in the roof, though it was nearly choked with dust and cobwebs. The groans still continued, and seemed to surround me. I tried the doors one by one. They were locked, all but the last one, and that I opened.



The room I entered was not quite dark, for there was a dormer window in it, which threw a gleam of light across the room, and in this gleam I could distinguish the figure of a woman in white.

She was wringing her hands and groaning, but as I entered she sank back on what appeared to be a couch, and I lost sight of her face in the shadow. The groans ceased, and there was a dead silence for a while. Now all this time I had been turning over in my mind the most approved way of exorcising demons.

I should have crossed myself if I'd known how, but in those days we hadn't learnt such ways; I'd have repeated the Lord's prayer, or the collect for the day, but I couldn't remember either. All the demon-destroying methods I'd ever heard of presented themselves to my mind, and then eluded its grasp. The only thing it occurred to me to say was,

'Halloo!'

'Oah, Oah! I be very bad—very bad,' whispered a feeble voice; and at that moment all my visions of witches and warlocks, of ghosts and hobgoblins vanished, and I awoke to the fact that there really was a human being there, ill and suffering.

'What's the matter? How do you come here?' I cried.

There was no answer but a groan. My eyes were now used to the semi-darkness, and I saw a small deal table, and matches upon it. I struck a light, and looked about me. The room bore traces of occupation; a rush-bottomed chair, a broken looking-glass, a trundle-bed, and on the trundle-bed was lying an old woman in a nightcap.

'Be you the doctor?' she said feebly.

'No; but I'll go and fetch one,' I cried.

'Don't go away just this minute. O, I be just bad. I've been here, O I don't know how long—days, weeks, I should think; and nobody come to me. I've hollered a good bit, too.'

'Hallooed! I should think you had. You pretty near hallooed me out of my wits.'

'What! did I frighten you?' said the old lady with a feeble chuckle, making a faint attempt to adjust the frill of her nightcap. 'Lor', my dear, do get me some drink; my throat's burnt up, and all the water's gone.'

I went down-stairs, broke open my door, got some water and spirits, and having given the old lady a dose, I ran out to bring some assistance.

First I went to the charwoman's house, and after some delay succeeded in arousing her.

'What!' she cried, when I told her there was somebody ill in the rooms above the offices. 'It be old Mrs. Pearson, drat her! Why couldn't she wait till morning?'

Then I went for a doctor, secured one, and returned to the house.

Mrs. Winton soon explained the matter to me. It was she who had given permission to a poor old woman to sleep in an empty room upstairs, under condition that she should not let herself be seen in the



day-time, or to any of the tenants of the building. This undertaking Mrs. Pearson, for that was her name, had faithfully executed. She had been creeping down-stairs on Saturday night to try and get some assistance, when she heard me coming to my office, and she had retreated at once, and crawled into bed, and after that she had no strength to move.

She was a woman who had seen better days, and her great terror was the workhouse. If she could only manage to find a shelter for her head, so as to die respectably, without forfeiting her position in the world, she didn't care what martyrdom she underwent. Poor Mrs. Winton was in a great way: she didn't know what to do with the old lady. She feared her employer would dismiss her from the care of his houses, if he found out she had let anybody sleep on the premises.

Altogether, I felt as if I'd got my hands full of old women, who all of them seemed to throw themselves upon me for a lvice and conduct.

Presently the doctor came, and saw Mrs. Pearson.

'She's pretty bad,' he said, as he came down. 'Want and starvation as much as anything. Where are her friends?'

'She ain't got none,' cried Mrs. Winter.

'Then she ought to be sent to the workhouse.'

But when we tried to explain to old Mrs. Pearson that she'd have to go to the workhouse, she pleaded so hard against it that she quite melted me. Mrs. Winton had a room in her own house which she sometimes let, and I promised to be answerable for the rent of it. So we moved the old soul at daybreak—Mrs. Winton, her husband, and I—and established her in her new apartment.

After a few days, under the influence of beef-tea and port-wine—my last sovereigns were rapidly melting away under the expense of a double establishment—she got a good deal better, and I went to see her. She was a very jolly old dame, on the whole. Wonderfully thankful too, to Providence, that seemed to me to have done so little for her.

'I can't speak, my dear,' she'd cry to me in a husky whisper, 'but then, I'm so thankful, I can hear, but then I gets my voice back again, dear. That shows there's a overruling Providence, don't it?'

I really got very fond of the old woman, and used to go and sit with her a good deal. But that didn't bring any grist in; and grist was wanted badly enough.

One day we began to talk about her former history. It was on her deaf day, as it happened; she'd got her 'voice,' but couldn't hear, consequently was completely indifferent to interruptions.

'Poor dear Pearson,' she said, 'left me very well off when he died. There was the cheesemonger's business in Cripplegate as brought in three or four hundred a year, and a row of houses in Brighton here which let for as much more. But as for the business I gave that up to my daughter's husband. I'd plenty to live upon, and no other child but she; and says I to them, "As long as you keeps a 'ome for the old 'ooman, why, I'll never ask you nothing for good-will." But after a bit we quarreled, me and

Jane—ah, she's a hard un, sir, she is—and they turned me out of the house, sir, that they did. And I says to 'em, "Pay me for the business," they snaps their fingers at me, they do indeed. Well, sir, with that I goes to a lawyer, a nice respectable young man, I thought; and he promises he'd get me my money, and charge me nothing for it. So with that I comes down to Brighton, and takes a house and furnishes it respectable, thinking my money safe enough. Then after a bit he comes to me, and says, "Why, you've deceived me about this here ease: you haven't a leg to stand upon, and I'm so much costs out of pocket," he says. "A hundred and fifty pounds I must have," he says. Well, sir, he frightened me so as I agreed I'd pay him the money, but I hadn't got it all at once, and he pressed me very hard, so at last he proposes this to me. He says he's found a gent as wants to take a lease of my houses, and to pay me three hundred a-year for 'em; and he agrees that he'll take this gent's word for the costs, if he'll pay the rents into my lord's hands—the lawyer's, you know, my dear; and he was to keep the writings till the money was paid. And he made a mortgage too in the name of a friend of his, as he said, who would stand security for me till the money was paid. And he was to draw back five-and-twenty pounds a quarter for himself, and pay me the rest. Well, sir, this seemed fair enough; and, to say the truth, sir, I was glad to get the houses off my hands, for, though they brought in more money, there was a deal of bother with 'em, and there's a good many people as will impose upon a poor lone woman. So, after all, I'd got plenty to live upon, and no bother, and very comfortable I was for a bit. Well, sir, when the first quarter's rent was due, down comes the lawyer, and he says, says he, "He's gone! bolted! a seoundrel! a villain!" Just like that, sir, he calls out, rampaging about the room. "But, thank heaven," says I, "the houses ain't bolted too; I see 'em yesterday, and all let to nice respectable tenants." "But what's the good of that?" says he? We can't draw the rents; he's got his lease, he'll take the rents, and we can't prevent him. Whatever did you trust a seamp like that for?" And so it was, sir; for when I goes to the houses after a bit, and asks for my rent, they laughs at me, and tells me I'm mad; and one old chap, a hoffeeer, sir, said he'd paid his rent to the proper parties, and he'd give me into custody for false pretences, sir.

Well, sir, the lawyer he went on dreadful; would have his money, he said; swore I was in league with this man to deceive him, and—well, sir, he got me to sign a paper—a bill of sale, he called it—and next thing I knew all my things was swept away, and the bailies in the house for rent, and the landlord calling me an old swindler, 'cause the lawyer had robbed me. And then I was turned upon the streets, sir, an old woman as had always lived respectable; and what was I to do? If it hadn't been for Mrs. Winton, as had known me in better days and done charing for me, I'd have gone to the poor-house. And that will be the end of it, she said, beginning to cry.

"What?" I said, 'you with a whole row of houses belonging to you, and going to the poor-house! Come, the ratepayers won't stand that, old lady. We'll see about that.'

I did see about it. I never had greater satisfaction in my life than in traing out the turns and winds of my old friend's attorney; showing the man of straw to be an accomplice of his, and that the whole transaction was a fraud. I didn't rest till I got the lawyer struck off the rolls.

He haunts the Old Bailey now, a tout for rogues as bad as himself but not yet fully detected. Still, he was very nearly succeeding. If the old lady had not met with somebody who believed in her, and took up her case, he'd have got that row of houses for nothing; and as he was a clever fellow, and had enlarged ideas, I've no doubt he'd have been a member of parliament by now, if his career had not been untimely cut short.

And somehow my client upstairs brought me luck. I never wanted for business afterwards: and I am thankful to say that, although my old friend always threatens to leave me the row of houses she owns, yet that I can do very well without them.

FRED. TALBOT.

### NAPOLEON III.

No one is sooner forgotten than a dead Emperor. The last of the ill-fated Line has gone to his reward, and left behind him nought worthy of record. A strange fatality has ever hung over that House. The domestic and delicate problems scarcely known to history has hung as a dark pall over the entire lives of the Napoleons. To the third and fourth generations the punishment has followed them, as a warning to the destroyers of domestic fidelity and happiness, that only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall, and which is the rewarder of all virtue. Napoleon III., himself a child of doubtful parentage, had all the vices and none of the virtues of his uncle. He had but one attribute, ambition; he had but one virtue, gratitude; a gratitude, however, which only hoped to receive as much again. Napoleon was not a soldier; he was only a policeman. He believed in "\*\*\* millions slain that Cæsar might be great." He lived in obscurity for thirty years, deserving nothing but exile. He was near forty before he was seriously thought of as a candidate to the throne, which he scaled in a night, and which toppled from under him in a day.

The revolution of 1848, and the expulsion of the Orleans family, gave him, as well as many other needy men, an opportunity. The force of circumstances drove him into it. When the news came to him in his garret, of the convulsions in Paris, he saw a field for more substantial adventures than Strasburg and Boulogne, and he hastened to occupy it. France was the place for him. It was a dying carcass, and Napoleon was its vulture. He who had been a Democrat, but cared nothing for Democracy; he who claimed to be a Liberal, but who never exercised liberality, might now carry his notions to a good market and sell them at a good price. At the most eventful crisis of his life, when he gave the command by which five thousand men,



women and children were butchered in the streets of Paris, it is doubtful whether he was anything more than a tool of wretched and unscrupulous knaves—of St. Arnaud and De Morney, of Persigny and of Fleury. When he sent twenty-six thousand Frenchmen to perish in Africa and in Cayenne, he was still playing the game of his advisers as well as his own. These events are small and unheroic, and the man grows no greater by his connection with them. He plays not boldly (for he never was bold), but unscrupulously. From the fact that his acts were not his own he faltered in them. The man never attempted to go alone. He traded upon his name as a merchant upon his trade-mark. He paraded himself as the child of destiny. The scepter is to be his, not by conquest, but by inheritance. He attempted to revive the dusty glories of France, although these were precisely what France least needed. What the Empire did need was a Statesman—a Christian hero, with a sheet-anchor of faith, and a power to know the right and go forward in it.

But Napoleon III. never meant in all his life what he said. His deeds were not the outgrowth of his thoughts, and his words did not reflect his intentions; neither when he talked with youthful fervor of the excellence of Republicanism; nor when he swore to be true to the Presidency of the Republic; nor when he professed to submit his own views to the will of the French people since at the moment when his term of office was about to expire, and when he feared the success of a rival candidate, he took those bloody measures which, through their terrible influence made him President for ten years, and finally Emperor. After this his plebeianism was a mere mockery. Indeed he never was a man of the people. He understood the people, but the people did not understand him. France has no opinion of its own. Napoleon fairly frightened her out of an opinion, and at that time out of the power to form one.

When the crown, through massacre and terror had been secured, something of the same want of dignity characterized the search for a wife among the Courts of Europe, which ended in a repulse and a plebeian marriage. The chief glories of France are of a sordid and perishable nature. In war it did but little; in peace it cultivated but the grosser arts, and in the mad pursuits of material prosperity, the Empire was made to forget at once the glories of war and the blessings of peace.

If the Emperor still put his faith in Dame Fortune, he had some reason for his weakness. At one time all seemed to go well with



him, but he did not take the tide of affairs at the flood. His alliance with England (for as we have said he never did anything of himself) did much to elevate him to a firm position among the nations. This was borrowed capital upon which he could not pay even the interest. And just here he lost his one virtue, gratitude.

We now come to a niche in affairs where the Court of Rome forms a link in the chain of events. The Napoleonic idea, backed by the clerical power of France and Rome, that imperialism could be preserved only by perpetual victories, misled him into frightful errors which ended in his ruin. Of this mistake, the Mexican war, ending in utter failure, ignominy and personal dishonor to the Emperor, was one result; the other was the greatest and the last. The first, was an attempt to strengthen one Romish power by the annexation of another; the second was an attempt to destroy the seeds of Protestantism and liberal opinion in Prussia and the Northern Confederation.

That liberty of conscience which Luther inaugurated, was making headway in Germany. It was sure to prove fatal to the power of Rome, and must be prevented. Pope Pius, donning the attributes of Deity as a common priest dons his robe, calls an Ecumenical Council, that the entire world should acknowledge his usurpation. This Council was so under the ban that it hastened to establish the claims of the "infallible judge in faith and morals." The very next day Napoleon, presuming that the entire civilized world had acknowledged the dogma, makes war upon Protestant Prussia. This was to be the beginning of the end which, if successful, would crush out Protestantism and free thought, not only in Germany, but ultimately in all Protestant nations. But the Lord frowned upon the audacious attempt, and it fell, as Satan fell, never to hope again. So much for Napoleon's Ultramontanism. This effort was the overleaping of the Emperor's vaulting ambition. It not only destroyed the Popish hopes in Germany, but it destroyed Napoleonic sway in France. Napoleon wanted a country; he never had one, and he hoped by the force of arms to gain one. He never loved Corsica, he never loved France, he never could have loved Prussia. Indeed he never loved anything, not even his wife. How could he? He who loves not his country, can love nothing else.

Napoleon ascended the throne of France by usurpation; he kept the nation chained at his feet by fantastic tricks; and when his star went down he went down with it, doubly dying, unwept, (save by one heart) unhonored and unsung.

# A WOMAN WILL BE A WOMAN.

## A DUOLOGUE FOR A DRAWING-ROOM.

BY J. REDDING WARE.

SCENE.—*A charming drawing-room, with a still more charming woman, in a morning dress, seated near a fresh fire, and cutting the leaves of a new book. N. B.—Her hair is powdered. Also, N. B.—She would not tell you her true age. She is Lady Alice Poltenay. She starts as a gentleman enters the room. He is Colonel Charteris.*

*Colonel.* I beg your pardon, Lady Alice; it's I. Pray do not scold your maid, for she tried hard to shut me out; she saying that you were at home to nobody. But I annihilated her by remarking that I was somebody, being your landlord. And here I am, to ask, in the first place, shall I be off?

*Lady Alice.* It's very unfortunate it is you.

*Colonel.* I see you are reading—is it a nice book?

*Lady Alice.* How can I tell? Do you not see I am cutting it? Well, since you are here, you can help me to wait—for I *am* waiting.

*Colonel.* (*Remarking her powdered hair.*) For What?—private theatricals, or a masquerade?

*Lady Alice.* Ha, you remark my hair. Well, I have no secrets with you. I've had my hair washed, and the powder is for drying it. By the way, let me thank you for the game. You are a Nimrod amongst sportsmen, and a prince of landlords.

*Colonel.* I like the first compliment, but I don't care for the second.

*Lady Alice.* (*Laughing.*) Why you are never going to raise my rent?

*Colonel.* Worse—I am going to turn you out!

*Lady Alice.* You are simply trying to be droll.

*Colonel.* As a colonel I could not say I wanted my furnished house back again; but as a landlord, why I say go—at once!

*Lady Alice.* At once? Cannot you, as a landlord, wait even until to-morrow?

*Colonel.* As a landlord—certainly not. You took the house for six months, and that term ends at twelve to-day. It is twelve, and I want my house.

*Lady Alice.* This is what I call speaking plainly.

*Colonel.* Hard as nails.

*Lady Alice.* You do not take two bites at a cherry, colonel.

*Colonel.* Oh, dear no.

*Lady Alice.* Your "oh, dear no," is delightful. Why must I turn out, pray?—for I assume there must be a reason.

*Colonel.* An excellent reason. Have you time to hear it?

*Lady Alice.* Yes; because I am bound to hear you justify yourself. I confess I should be sorry to scratch your name off my house-book.

*Colonel.* I give you fair warning that it is quite a history.

*Lady Alice.* Let us hear the beginning, on condition that I can listen to the rest to-morrow if you are cut short to-day by an arrival.

*Colonel.* (*Seating himself.*) I begin. Left an orphan at twenty-four—

*Lady Alice.* Oh, horrors!—your biography? Pray, pray spare me the history of cutting your teeth!

*Colonel.* Oh, I could go further back than that, if you wished me, after the manner of Tristram Shandy. And, by the way, there is also a clock in my history.

*Lady Alice.* No—no—no. Many thanks!

*Colonel.* Don't be nervous. The plain fact is, that when I came into the world, a chimney-clock, belonging to my mother, struck up its mid-day carol, which was looked upon as promising for me. It was. I've been a good-tempered man all my life—though, to be sure, my health is athletic, and it may have helped me to be good-hearted.

*Lady Alice.* And to be selfish. I give you fair warning that I know your over-healthy man is your thoroughly selfish fellow.

*Colonel.* Don't believe it. Only the hearty in health are the hearty in ways. Look at the proverb, "As fractious as an invalid." You ought to know it—you, who so carefully tended your—your first.

*Lady Alice.* (*Sentimentally.*) Quite true!

*Colonel.* Let me go on. Left an orphan at twenty-four; master of a fortune, and honorable name.

*Lady Alice.* You wasted the one, and—

*Colonel.* And shadowed the other? Not at all. Shooting and hunting saved me from worse; and without altogether saying that—that my first name ought to be Joseph, I—I—

*Lady Alice.* I want no needless confidence, Colonel.

*Colonel.* Only the strictly necessary. In fact, I found that young fools are the worst of fools, and that a stormy life was a sickening existence; so I lived the life of a gentleman.

*Lady Alice.* Now this is very interesting. Pray go on.

*Colonel.* I saw that in marriage, and marriage only, was to be found peace. And I determined to marry. But perhaps I weary you?

*Lady Alice.* Not at all, my dear Colonel; you are quite a philosopher.

*Colonel.* But my misfortune has been this, that through all these years I have never been able to find the rational wife suited to me—

*Lady Alice.* Ah!

*Colonel.* Until now!

*Lady Alice.* I am glad to hear of your success.

*Colonel.* Success? Oh, dear no—she has not accepted me.

*Lady Alice.* She will, I am convinced. She must, for you are really a very charming person, notwithstanding your abominable behaviour to me personally, in turning me out of your house—a matter, by the way, of which we appear to have lost sight.

*Colonel.* On the contrary, it is just coming into view. As a bachelor, I like a couple of rooms; but as a married man, I must spread myself over a house.

*Lady Alice.* Ha!—in other words, I'm to be turned out to make way for the Coloneless!

*Colonel.* (*Rising.*) There, you have hit it!

*Lady Alice.* I forgive you, in favor of your wife, though I own I do not like moving. I am quite a creature of habit, and I own I like the place.

*Colonel.* (*Leaning on the back of the Lady Alice's chair.*) Keep on liking it. Don't move.

*Lady Alice.* But the Coloneless?

*Colonel.* She will be perfectly agreeable, provided—

*Lady Alice.* Provided?

*Colonel.* That you changed your name.

*Lady Alice.* How so? I am quite at sea!

*Colonel.* By ceasing to be Lady Alice Poltenay, and becoming Lady Alice—

*Lady Alice.* Charteris? Positively, the man, I believe, is proposing to me!

*Colonel.* I believe so, too.

*Lady Alice.* (*Rising.*) And by what a roundabout way!

*Colonel.* And yet you said I never took *two* bites at a cherry!

*Lady Alice.* I did you an injustice by at least *one* bite. So I am the rational wife suited to you? Are you at all aware, Colonel, that you are impolite?

*Colonel.* I beg your pardon. Let us be clear upon the point. What the *world* calls a rational marriage is one where the couple marry with their eyes shut, because certain purses are full. I call such a marriage *ir-rational*.

*Lady Alice.* Ha, now you explain yourself. Certainly your rational marriage required your commentary. Do you know, Colonel, I find you strangely original?

*Colonel.* How is that?

*Lady Alice.* In everything, and especially in your way of paying court.

*Colonel.* I have never paid you any court.

*Lady Alice.* There is where you are strikingly original, so that now when, to-day you offer me your hand, I have all the pains in the world to fancy you sighing at my side.

*Colonel.* Of course, because it is not in my way to sigh. Give me a good reason for sighing, and I will mourn with the best of them.

*Lady Alice.* But are you really sure you love me.

*Colonel.* As sure as I am of my existence.

*Lady Alice.* I never expected anything of the kind.

*Colonel.* Only a month since I should have been astounded to be told that I thought anything of you!

*Lady Alice.* How, then, came it about? For I protest I am no flirt!

*Colonel.* Certainly no flirt. The fact is, the chimney of this room was the beginning of all the evil, if evil there is! I only knew you



by sight, which was something; and I ran the risk of never knowing you better—for the privacy of a young widow is sacred—when this brave old chimney fell a smoking, and opened your doors to me as your landlord.

*Lady Alice.* And it smokes now when the wind is in the east. Mark, I pray you, that I make the complaint.

*Colonel.* I will take a note of the complaint. From that moment I was lost. Landlords, as a rule, do not care to lay out money. But you know how, for the last month, I have been making perpetual discoveries of something to be done in the house, and how, as landlord and tenant, we have become quite companionable and friendly. As to the precise moment when I fell in love with you, I can say nothing; but I am absolutely certain that, for the last week past, I have been manœuvring to say what I have said, and the saying of which has by no means put me out of temper.

*Lady Alice.* (*Ruefully.*) My poor, dear friend, I experience for you quite a true liking, and you are the frankest gentleman I know.

*Colonel.* That is a bad beginning.

*Lady Alice.* Your friendship has equally deceived us; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have in no way encouraged sentiments which must end in disappointment.

*Colonel.* Ha, I don't please you! I feared as much. I should have done much better to hold my tongue. *Lady Alice*, imagine that I have said nothing, and still give me my corner near this smoky chimney.

*Lady Alice.* Continue to visit me as long as you like.

*Colonel.* For ever, then!

*Lady Alice.* What, even if I marry again!

*Colonel.* (*Bounding.*) Hang it, no! But surely you are not thinking of anything of the kind?

*Lady Alice.* And if I were?

*Colonel.* Pray—pray don't say so.

*Lady Alice.* Nevertheless, you must know the truth sooner or later.

*Colonel.* Is it really so? Oh, impossible!—why nobody ever visits you!

*Lady Alice.* So far. But did I not tell you when you came in that I was expecting somebody?

*Colonel.* Ha! It appears I choose a capital moment for a proposal. I was prepared for everything—a rival excepted.

*Lady Alice.* Pray do not plunge into despair. My heart affords you all it can, and I declare that I might say yes, if I did not love somebody else. Can I say more than that?

*Colonel.* It is quite enough. But I would rather offend you flatly, and have no rival, than possess your esteem while another has your love. Certainly, you kept your secret well; and if—if you think to console me with a few kind words, I——

*Lady Alice.* More—I hope to cure you. In these matters, there is nothing like cutting deep in. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

*Colonel.* Cure me? The promise is a doctor's white lie. How simple-headed I am. Why I ought to have guessed what was about to happen, if only by glancing at your floured hair——

*Lady Alice.* Pray—pray, let me assure you——

*Colonel.* That you were expecting a person whom you valued; and you have powdered your hair because you know it suits you.

*Lady Alice.* Now—now—now, don't be violent. Sit down, and let me take my turn at telling a story. (They sit.)

*Colonel.* Two, if you like. You boast of having given me a frightful shaking.

*Lady Alice.* You know Mrs. Chapone Douglas?

*Colonel.* Her husband was a great friend of mine.

*Lady Alice.* After three years marriage, the poor woman had a typhoid fever, which left her with gray hair. Very well. Well her husband married her for love, and adored her—until her hair turned gray; and now he never comes home from the club until two in the morning, and won't go out with her. What do you say to that?

*Colonel.* Ha!

*Lady Alice.* What does "Ha!" mean. Do you dare excuse the wretched man?

*Colonel.* (*Hesitating.*) To a certain point, yes. Here is a dashing young captain, with a dashing young wife; and, behold, after three week's illness on her part, she looks an old woman, while he remains twenty-six! Poor, dear fellow!

*Lady Alice.* (*Shaking her head.*) You men!—you men!—you are all equally abominable. Poor—poor wives! Thus it is with you. Be wise, intelligent, sincere devoted, and your geese of husbands care nothing for you, unless your hair is their colour, or your nose shaped to their liking. Be frivolous, foolish, mean, idiotic, and they will remain faithful, unless your hair goes a little gray, or they discover a pit-mark, and then—there you are, left to yourself for life! (*To the Colonel.*) And, actually, I had the weakness to be sorry for you not ten minutes since!

*Colonel.* (*Calmly.*) Permit me—the question is one that refers, not to me, but to Chapone Douglas.

*Lady Alice.* Whose conduct you excuse, approve, and which you would imitate under similar circumstances. At least be brave enough to hold your ground.

*Colonel.* Let us be clear on this point. Who are you indicting—me, or Chapone Douglas?

*Lady Alice.* You—him—all men! I indict such a shape of love as places us women only just a little higher than your dogs and your horses. Do I speak plain enough?

*Colonel.* Quite plain enough. All women, we know, are indignant at being loved because they are beautiful. Women insist upon being loved alone for their minds, their brains and their accomplishments.

*Lady Alice.* Of course. We women are, therefore, ridiculous—are we not?

*Colonel.* I do not say that. But what is to be done? Man is a coarse creature, who loves through his eyesight.

*Lady Alice.* There is exactly where I reproach him.

*Colonel.* You see, it is quite a law of nature; and women, as well as men, submit to it. You are as bad as I am, say what you will.

*Lady Alice.* Oh, this is outrage!

*Colonel.* Now, Lady Alice, answer me this. If you had a charming lover, and he came back, to you one-armed or one-eyed, do you not think the change would throw a little cold water on your philosophy?

*Lady Alice.* How little you know women! We hardly know if men are fair or dark; and we love them more when they are damaged.

*Colonel.* For a week.

*Lady Alice.* For ever!

*Colonel.* I should like to see you put to the trial.

*Lady Alice.* (*Romantically.*) Ha, if he but comes out of trial as well as I shall!

*Colonel.* What "he?"

*Lady Alice.* Him I expect.

*Colonel.* You insist upon it that you are expecting some one?

*Lady Alice.* Of course, and that is why I have —floured my head, as you put it. I shall tell him I have grown gray while he has been traveling, and that I wear powder to hide my pepper-and-salt hair; and if I see in his eyes the *least* hesitation, about his business he goes!

*Colonel.* Ha!—then I may still hope?

*Lady Alice.* Certainly not. I should immediately bury myself in my country house in Cornwall.

*Colonel.* Where I hope there are quarters for a bachelor friend?

*Lady Alice.* Pray have pity on me, and be silent. I tremble at the trick I am about to play!

*Colonel.* Why play it?

*Lady Alice.* Why did Eve try the apple!

*Colonel.* A woman will be a woman, I know that. May I be permitted to return and learn the result of the interview?—for I hope to remain at least your friend.

*Lady Alice.* Now, those are kind words which I shall never forget. Thank you. (*Offers her hand.*)

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Mr. Carleon is here, my lady.

*Colonel.* (*Aside.*) Mr. Carleon? [*Exit servant.*]

*Lady Alice.* Do you know him?

*Colonel.* Slightly. He has been in America two years, where he tried to marry the daughter of a rich shoddy fellow.

*Lady Alice.* I know it—eighteen months since, and just before my poor husband died. We were playmates as children; and when a year had passed—in a word or two, he is here to present himself as my future husband.

*Colonel.* Then I think I had better go.

*Lady Alice.* No; remain; I wish you to hear what happens. [*Exit the Lady Alice.*]

*Colonel.* (*Alone.*) She loves him—blindly loves him! I know what will happen. The moment he shrinks at the sight of the white hair, she will call out—"Don't be alarmed, it is only powder; my hair is as black as ever!"—and they will embrace. I have nothing to do but to go. (*He sits down.*) Then why do I not go? Because, I suppose I never know when I am beaten. However, I've tried to do my duty as a citizen, and marry. The only woman I ever cared about refuses me, and I devote myself to bachelorhood henceforth—to my guns and my dogs. Ha, she is coming back already!

*The LADY ALICE enters, crosses the room, sits and does not mark her visitor.*

*Colonel.* How sad she looks—(*he coughs.*)

*Lady Alice.* (*starting.*) Ha! are you still here?

*Colonel.* And where is Mr. Carleon? Has he—

*Lady Alice.* Been frightened away? Not at all; he found my white hair delightful.

*Colonel.* And so he left you at once?

*Lady Alice.* No. In fact, I asked him to go. I wanted to collect my thoughts. I am glad you are not gone.

*Colonel.* I ought to be—Good morning (*he rises*), Lady Alice, I leave you to your happiness.

*Lady Alice.* Happiness? On the contrary, I am wretched, owing to your accusations against Carleon. Pray sit down. Don't go. I should be sorry to marry a man you did not like.

*Colonel.* I've no reason to dislike him.

*Lady Alice.* I do not think he ought to have proposed to the shoddy person.

*Colonel.* His return to you proves his honesty. Again, he did not try very hard after the young lady, I have heard. Doubtless he was thinking of you. In fact—I know nothing about it.

*Lady Alice.* Pray try to have an opinion of your own, Colonel! What weathercocks men are. You ran him down a little while since, and now you are taking his part.

*Colonel.* Am I.

*Lady Alice.* Men are so awkward at making love—very different from us women. Men have but one style of love-making.

*Colonel.* I don't know much of these things, being merely a rough country gentleman.

*Lady Alice.* (*striking her foot on the ground.*) There is only one way of making love, and if Carleon does not pay me court in that way, he does not love me. Pray, pray be reasonable, Colonel.

*Colonel.* Are you to be married soon?

*Lady Alice.* Certainly, it is strange how indifferent he appeared to my—my—what shall I say.

*Colonel.* Good looks?

*Lady Alice.* My hair was always my great point, and he did not regret the supposed change in the least.



*Colonel.* He admires you for the qualities of your mind and heart.

*Lady Alice.* Don't be absurd. Well, if he does not love me, what must I think of his offer? Why, that he is poor; that he marries me for my money.

*Colonel.* You are becoming unjust to the poor man.

*Lady Alice.* Nonsense. I do so want to be advised. I wish, my dear Colonel, you were my brother. There!—imagine you are my brother—what do you advise?

*Colonel.* You see, my advice would be so interested.

*Lady Alice.* Not at all; you are so loyal. Pray speak, and I will obey, blindly.

*Colonel.* Well; I advise you—to marry me!

*Lady Alice.* I did not ask for *that* advice.

*Colonel.* It is all I can find for you.

*Lady Alice.* Now, on your word, as an officer—do you think he loves me?

*Colonel.* I love you myself too well to doubt it.

*Lady Alice.* (*rising angrily.*) Very well: if he does love me, so much the worse for him, for marry the man I won't! I am sorry to vex you.

*Colonel.* Vex me! You have made me the happiest man alive.

*Lady Alice.* Pray don't flatter yourself; for if I do not marry him, I shall not marry you either. A young widow is not so utterly wretched that she *must* marry. However, you may be my friend.

*Colonel.* Why, what has poor Mr. Carleon done to offend you?

*Lady Alice.* I have told you everything.

*Colonel.* No, you haven't Lady Alice, There is a postscript. Women always have a postscript.

*Lady Alice.* I haven't. Now, how am I to get rid of him? I shall not ask you, for it appears to me you have become perfectly stupid.

*Colonel.* A woman may recall her word.

*Lady Alice.* I have not given my word.

*Colonel.* Oh!

*Lady Alice.* No, I didn't. What *shall* I do.

*Colonel.* Nothing is more simple. If he drops in for a five o'clock cup of tea——

*Lady Alice.* I don't want him to drink my tea.

*Colonel.* Then write to him.

*Lady Alice.* Alas! I've written too many letters to him already.

*Colonel.* Ha! you very unfortunate woman.

*Lady Alice.* Oh! there's nothing in them; but I should like to have them back.

*Colonel.* Send him his, and he must return yours.

*Lady Alice.* Ha! if I only had some friend!

*Colonel.* You have me.

*Lady Alice.* You are such a very awkward person, Colonel.

*Colonel.* You see you don't love me thoroughly.

*Lady Alice.* How would you manage?

*Colonel.* I should say here are your letters, and I want Lady Alice's.

*Lady Alice.* One look like that, Colonel, and he will not dare to refuse. (*Unlocking a desk.*) Here are the letters, and here is his address. (*Giving a card.*)

*Colonel.* (*Going to door.*) When may I call again.

*Lady Alice.* Drop in to my eup of tea.

*Colonel.* Gladly (*aside.*) *It's* tea. That's a step.

*Lady Alice.* (*With a light scream.*) Ha! pray take this locket with the rest.

*Colonel.* His portrait?

*Lady Alice.* No; a lock of his hair he thought fit to send me from America. He may want it!

*Colonel.* Bah! Hasn't he any hair left?

*Lady Alice.* (*Indignantly.*) No; he's as bald as an egg.

*Colonel.* Oh! *there's* the postscript. A woman will be a woman. You expected him to bear with your white hair, and you refuse *him* because he is bald. However, I gain.

*Lady Alice.* Come back as soon as you can.

(*They laugh.*)

*Colonel.* A woman will be a woman.

*Lady Alice.* For a good reason—she can be nothing else—and *that* is *my real* postscript.

(*They laugh.*)

CURTAIN.

## PEEPS AT THE POETS.

ALPHABETICALLY, IN CHRONOLOGICAL VERSE.

### A B S E N C E.

Like as the culver on the bared bough,  
Sits mourning for the absence of her  
mate,

And in her songs sends many a wishful  
vow

For his return that seems to linger late;  
So I, alone now left, disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my  
love;

And wandering here and there all deso-  
late,

Seek, with my complaints, to match that  
mournful dove.—*Edmund Spenser.*

Though absent, present in desires they  
be;

Our souls much further than our eyes  
can see. *Michael Drayton.*

It is as if a night should shade noon-  
day,

Or that the sun was here, but forced  
away;

And we were left, under that hemis-  
phere,

Where we must feel it dark for half a  
year. *Ben Jonson.*

Short absence hurt him more,  
And made his wound far greater than  
before;

Absence not long enough to root out  
quite

All love, increases love at second sight.

*Thomas May's Henry II.*

I do not doubt his love, but I could  
wish

His presence might confirm it: when I  
see

A fire well fed, shoot up its wanton  
flame,

And dart itself into the face of heaven;  
I grant that fire, without a fresh supply,

May for a while be still a fire ; but yet  
How doth its lustre languish, and  
itself  
Grow dark, if it too long want the em-  
brace  
Of its loved pyle ! how straight it buried  
lies  
In its own ruins !

*Robert Mead's Comfort of Love and  
Friendship.*

If she be gone, the world, in my esteem,  
Is all bare walls ; nothing remains in it  
But dust and feathers.

*John Crown's Ambitious Statesman*

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenant-  
less ;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building  
fall.

And leave no memory of what it was !  
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia ;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn  
swain.

*Shakspeare's Two Gent. of Verona.*

Without your sight my life is less  
secure ;

Those wounds you gave, your eyes can  
only cure,  
No balm in absence will effectual  
prove,

Nature provides no weapon salve for  
love.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Thus absence dies, and dying proves  
No absence can subsist with loves  
That do partake of fair perfection ;  
Since, in the darkest night, they may,  
By loves quick motion, find a way  
To see each other in reflection.

*Suekang.*

Every moment  
I'm from thy sight ; the heart within  
my bosom

Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,  
Whose nurse had left it.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Love reckons hours for months, and  
days for years ;  
And every little absence is an age.

*Dryden's Amphitruon.*

All flowers will droop in absence of the  
sun

That waked their sweets.

*Dryden's Aurenzebe.*

Coudemn'd whole years in absence to  
deplere,  
And image charms he must behold no  
more. *Pope's Eloisa.*

No happier task these faded eyes pur-  
sue ;

To read and weep is all they now can  
do. *Pope's Eloisa.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'T is sure the hardest science to forget !

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Unequal task ! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so  
lost as mine !

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful  
state,

How often must it love, how often hate,  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain—do all things but for-  
get ! *Pope's Eloisa.*

There is not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with  
thee :

There's not a wind but whispers of thy  
name,

And not a flower that sleeps beneath  
the moon

But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee. *Proctor's Miranda.*

Methinks I see thee straying on the  
beach,

And asking of the surge that bathes  
thy foot

If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.

*Couper's Task.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to  
see,

My heart untravel'd, fondly turns to  
thee :

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless  
pain,

And drags at each remove a lengthen-  
ing chain.—*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

O tell him I have sat these three long  
hours,

Counting the weary beatings of the  
clock,

Which slowly portion'd out the prom-  
is'd time

That brought him not to bless me with  
his sight.—*Joanna Baillies Rayner.*

Yes,

The limner's art may trace the absent  
feature,

And give the eye of distant weeping  
faith



To view the form of its idolatry ;  
 But oh ! the scenes 'mid which they  
     met and parted,  
 The thoughts—the recollections sweet  
     and bitter,  
 Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when  
     they loved,  
 Who shall restore them ?  
 Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of  
     eve,  
 And not more vanishing.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Long did his wife,  
 Suckling her babe, her only one, look  
     out  
 The way he went at parting—but he  
     came not.

*Rogers's Italy.*

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
 To that dear isle 't was leaving.  
 So loth we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us ;  
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us.

*T. Moore.*

Oh ! couldst thou but know  
 With what a deep devotedness of woe  
 I wept thy absence, o'er and o'er again  
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought  
     grew pain,  
 And memory, like a drop that night  
     and day  
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart  
 away !

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

'T is scarcely  
 Two hours since ye departed : two long  
     hours  
 To me, but only hours upon the sun.

*Byron's Cain.*

Wives, in their husbands' absence,  
     grow subtler,  
 And daughters sometimes run off with  
     the butler.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Absent many a year  
 Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams  
     were still  
 Of that dear voice that soothed his  
     infancy.

*Robert Southey.*

We must part awhile :  
 A few short months—though short,  
     they must be long  
 Without thy dear society ; but yet  
 We must endure it, and our love will  
     be  
 The fonder after parting—it will grow  
 Intenser in our absence, and again  
 Burn with a tender glow when I return.

*Percival's Poems.*

When from land and home receding,  
 And from hearts that ache to bleeding,  
 Think of those behind, who love thee,  
 While the sun is bright above thee !  
 Then, as down the ocean glancing,  
 With the waves his rays are dancing,  
 Think how long the night will be  
 To the eyes that weep for thee.

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

Call thou me home ! from thee apart  
     Faintly and low my pulses beat,  
 As if the life-blood of my heart  
     Within thine own heart holds its seat,  
 And floweth only where thou art :  
     Oh ! call me home.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

## HORACE GREELEY—A VICTIM.

A GOOD man, like a child, must die to be loved. A parallel case is drawn by the public press between Horace Greeley, Daniel Webster and Stephen A. Douglas. There was no similarity between the three great men. They were far from being constituted alike. Daniel Webster was all ambition. He felt he was born to rule, and would have no rival. The fact that the people did not coincide with him in his race for the presidency, may have had much to do with shortening his days, but we apprehend his habits of life had much more.

Daniel Webster was not selfish, he was only ambitious. Ambition is not always selfishness.

With Stephen A. Douglas it was different—he was both selfish and ambitious. If he traveled through a corn-field in Illinois, his thoughts were on the quantity his horse would eat while he stumped the State. It is true, he contributed much to the greatness of Mr. Lincoln by his debates, and Mr. Lincoln possessed the tact of turning the ability of his antagonist to his own account. The ambition of Mr. Douglas over-leaped itself, not because he had less talent; but because he had no tact, which often serves for talent. He too died before his time a victim of the cup.

But of what was Mr. Greeley the victim. He was not ambitious; he was not selfish; he was not intemperate. In his goodness of heart he was more like Mr. Lincoln than he was like either Mr. Douglas or Mr. Webster, and he was as much of a victim. Not in the same manner, to be sure, but still a victim.

It is matter for serious consideration whether strict surveillance should not be exercised over the political press in times of political excitement. There are certainly abuses here that ought to be remedied. How far the public press and stump speakers are responsible for the breaking of Mr. Greeley's heart the PROTESTANT will not attempt to say. It only asks its readers to give this abuse of all parties a serious thought. Let it not become a by-word that when a good man comes before the people for their suffrage he must bring his coffin with him.

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## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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### AT HOME.

TO OUR NEW READERS.—A few words of explanation, as to why a journal in its sixteenth volume should make its first appearance at this time in Philadelphia.

Immediately after the Chicago fire, in which we lost our entire establishment, we corresponded with various christian gentlemen in this city, whose position in society enabled them to speak intelligently. They all advised our removal here at that time, and offered to aid us in bringing out the journal—for some of them were religious publishers.—Notwithstanding this generous offer, something else must first be done.

Having built up a large circulation during a long residence in Chicago, we desired to lay a foundation in St. Louis also, a stronghold of

Romanism. Thence was removed the PROTESTANT, and by much energy we succeeded in a circulation in that city and state.

And now to the Christian people of the second metropolis of the nation, and to the friends of our national institutions, everywhere, we come. Should they deem the object good, and one of importance, we will endeavor to prove worthy of their patronage. THE EDITOR.

MR. FROUDE.—What would an English orator do without a Waterloo; what would an American do without a Fourth of July; and what would the zeal-without-knowledge-class of speakers do without a Froude. It is a great pity Mr. Froude ever visited this country on this mission—a subject that the American people have little or no interest in. Ireland has precisely the same rule that Scotland has, only in some instances more liberal. But then Scotland and England are of Protestant faith, and fully agree. If England were as France or Spain, Ireland would bear a much heavier yoke, and call it the grace of God. The Roman Catholics in Scotland object to an educational measure, because it comes from the Presbyterians. Who but Presbyterians would bring about such a measure in Scotland. The truth is that Ireland's agitation is Rome's agitation. The Protestants of Ireland, who always are prosperous, are satisfied. As to the history of Ireland, her true history has never been written. It was not written as it was made; and when the Italian priesthood foisted itself upon that unhappy nation, they gave history their own coloring. Ireland for centuries, endeavored to resist the encroachment of these priests, and St. Patrick took an active part against them. At length, all the schools and colleges destroyed by the priests, the people reduced to ignorance, lost all ambition, and ceased to struggle, until even now they know not who are their oppressors. The priests have done their work well, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, to this day, do not see through the sham. As well attempt to stay Niagara with a broken reed; to batter down Sumter with a squirt-gun; or to quench the flame by adding fuel, as to lead to reasonable conclusions a race under the control of a cunning priesthood. Let us have no more lectures on Mr. Froude.

"MOTTOES."—It is hoped our readers will supply the mottoes for the border, which are to be different each issue. They may be either original or well selected, not to contain over twelve words, and every word in its place.

NEW STYLE.—We are sure our readers will be pleased with the new appearance of the PROTESTANT, and excuse the delay, simply because it was necessary. Let each friend now send us at least one new subscriber, or put it in hands for a club.

To LODGES.—Should the officers deem it a matter worthy their favorable consideration, we shall be happy to publish at a nominal sum, a card of each lodge, with the nights and places of meeting. It is a matter of importance that traveling members should know who to call upon, or when and where to visit a lodge. Let each lodge take action and furnish us the requisite information.

## ABROAD.

THE AMERICAN COLONY, and the numerous friends of the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, in Paris, will doubtless be glad to learn that the provisional character of his mission to the Church of the American Chapel is now terminated, and that he has become its permanent pastor. There were one hundred and twenty communicants the last communion Sunday, the largest number ever before. The pews are all rented. This must be a green spot in the Parisian desert.

REV. DR. RILEY says that Mexico has entered upon a new era in her history. There is peace throughout her borders. The Gospel, liberty and peace are now established in that Republic. *Four converted Catholic priests* are laboring with great zeal and success among their countrymen in the city of Mexico. The people hear them with great eagerness, and converts are rapidly increasing.

"UNDER THE BAN" is now being dramatized in three different places in Rome every night, and each house is said to be crowded.

A SOCIETY of Roman Catholics, with Archbishop Manning at its head, is being organized in London. It is to extend over England, Ireland, and other countries. The object is to control political affairs, after the manner of the Jesuits in the 16th century.

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## BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

PEMBERTON; or, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By Henry Peterson, author of the "Modern Job." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Of all the cants," says Sterne, "in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

•"Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humor, give me—I ask no more—but one stroke of native humor, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it, and send Mercury with the rules and compasses, if he can be spared, with my compliments to——no matter."

We would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his prejudice into his author's hands, recognize his genius, acknowledge his virtues as well as his vices.

Should any such reviewer review this book, he must not paint the author with his scars, for there are virtues to be found.

"One Hundred Years Ago." That was before the nation was. But that is right, for this is a Revolutionary story, and the scene is laid in the nation's birth-place,—in Pennsylvania—Germantown—Philadelphia, the cradle where Liberty was rocked; and, like liberty, the nar-



rative extends over the then colonies. The fortunes of the leading actors of the Revolution are followed out with a vein of rich humor, and at the same time in a mellowness of language that proves a good heart in the author. The publishers are very opportune in bringing out such a book at this time. It must have a large sale during the preparations for the nation's Centennial Jubilee. It deserves it. It is a volume of 394 pages, and a good story, well told.

THE TEN LAWS OF HEALTH; or, How Disease is produced and can be Prevented. By J. R. Black, M. D.; tinted paper, 322 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These Nine Laws of Health are given, with the consequences of violation set forth under each, and the mode of observing them:—1. Breathing a Pure air. 2. Adequate and wholesome food and drink. 3. Out-door exercise. 4. Covering for the body. 6. Climate for which the constitution of the body is adapted. 7. Pursuits. 8. Personal Cleanliness. 9. Tranquil states of the mind, and adequate rest and sleep. 10. No intermarriage of near blood relations.

"Man know thyself," says Pope. If we did know ourselves, we would pull fewer double bells at doctor's houses, and pay shorter doctor's bills. This book will be a family physician in any household. There are paragraphs in it we would be glad to publish, but space forbids. These fugitive pieces are not sufficient. The book is necessary as a full instructor.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By Geo. Yeager, A. M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 128 pp.

"The Garden of Eden" symbolizes the life of man; and its dressing and keeping, the proper cultivation of the heart, affections and better qualities of the human mind. There is many a good lesson in this pretty little volume.

Now being issued, "ANCIENT CLASSICS" FOR ENGLISH READERS. A series of bi-monthly volumes. Small 12mo. Fine Cloth, \$1 00 each. Edited by Rev. W. Lucas Collins.

Just Published, "ARISTOPHANES." By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A., author of "*Eltoniana*," "*The Public Schools*," etc.

Recently Published:—HOMER'S ILIAD, HOMER'S ODYSSEY, HERODOTUS, CÆSAR, VIRGIL, HORACE, ÆSCHYLUS, XENOPHON, CICERO, SOPHOCLES, PLINY, EURIPIDES. Other volumes in preparation. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The aim of the present series is to explain, sufficiently for general readers, who these great writers were, and what they wrote; to give, wherever possible, some connected outline of the story which they tell, or the facts which they record, checked by the result of modern investigations; to present some of their most striking passages in approved English translations, and to illustrate them generally from modern writers; to serve, in short, as a popular retrospect of the chief literature of Greece and Rome.

## T. B. PETERSON &amp; BROS.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A GOOD SERVANT. By one who has been almost "Worried to Death." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price 50 cents.

It purports to be a narrative of the trying ordeals of a young house-keeper in the pursuit of a good domestic, and her troubles and experiences are most comically set forth. While making merry over her narrative, we hope its lady readers will not fail to derive considerable instruction from it, and appreciate the cause of her misfortunes. Many of the present-day complaints may be attributed to a similar combination of circumstances, and the philosophic disquisition of the husband thereon, at page 50, possesses as much the merit of applicability now as then, and we commend it to the careful attention of the reader. The style very much reminds one of Mr. Thackeray, and certainly a more comical set of misadventures was never related. Its pages are full of amusing anecdotes, which will be interesting to the ladies.

FRANK FAIRLEGH. By Frank E. Smedley. Author of "Harry Coverdale's Courtship," "Lorrimer Littlegood," "Lewis Arundel," "Harry Racket Scapegrace," "Tom Racquet," etc., etc., etc. With illustrations by George Cruikshank. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Price 75 cents, paper.

The London *Athenæum* says of it: "There is no writer of fiction since Sir Walter Scott, who has so well deserved popularity as the author of 'Frank Fairlegh.' There is in it none of the elaborate penny-a-lining of Dickens, and straining for jokes of Albert Smith, or the *outré* situations of Angelo Titmarsh, but a narrative that wins from its easy truthfulness, and excites the most pleasurable sensations from its rich raciness; while there is an under current of sound morality, which commends the work to the virtuous. It is true to the life, and abounding with wit; there is no wonder that it has already secured such a large share of public patronage. Cruikshank's illustrations are capital." The popularity of the novels written by the author of "Frank Fairlegh," viz: "Lewis Arundel," "Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage," "Adventures of Lorrimer Littlegood," "Fortunes and Misfortunes of Harry Racket Scapegrace," "Tom Racquet and his Three Maiden Aunts," have never been equaled.

We have been favored with a copy of the PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC. It is not sold, but given only to the patrons of the *Ledger*. We understand the entire edition cost over \$7000. This is the New Year's gift of Mr. Childs to his subscribers; and yet it is but a trifle to each. The Almanac is the handsomest we have seen.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JESSIE GRAHAM;

OR,

FRIENDS DEAR, BUT TRUTH DEARER.

“AUNT KITTY’S TALES.”

## CHAPTER I.

SPRING.—MRS. GRAHAM.

SPRING is here. The sun is shining brightly, and the air is warm, and the breeze is scented with the blossoms of the apple and the pear. The trees whose branches have been bare all winter, except when the snow wrapped them in a white mantle, have now put on a dress of the lightest and liveliest green. The gardens, too, are beginning to look gayly. There is in my garden one bed which is especially bright. This is Harriet’s. Here she digs and plants and manages all in her own way, and here, at this season, she and her little friends may be often seen with heads bent down to the ground, searching for the first appearance of a crocus or a hyacinth. If one is seen, a joyful clapping of hands and a general call for Aunt Kitty announces the discovery.

Doubtless all my little readers have noticed the changes which this season brings. How pleasant is the first walk which you can take without cloaks or shawls! And the first violet or buttercup which is found,—we never think any half so pretty. And the brooks which have been frozen up all winter, now prattle away over the stones, as noisily as little girls who have just got out from a school-room where they have been obliged to be very still for two or three hours. And the little birds which have spent their winter in a southern climate, sing as merrily as if they were glad to get back again to their old homes, or as if, as Jessie Graham says her grandmother told her, they were thanking God for giving them such pleasant weather. I wish all little girls would remember this, and imitate the birds,—thanking their Heavenly Father for His goodness to them, not only in words when they kneel down to say their prayers, but in bright looks and cheerful tones through the whole day.

Jessie Graham is a very clever little girl, and very like a bird herself as she goes singing and jumping about when she is out of doors, though at home she is the most quiet, orderly, housewifely little thing you can imagine. Her grandmother, of whom I have just spoken, is a Scotchwoman. She is a widow, her husband having died soon after they came to this country, and when her only child, Jessie’s father, was still a little boy. Mrs. Graham seemed to have nothing to live on but what she could make by her own spinning and knitting, her gardening and poultry yard. Yet she never asked alms, or even received them when offered, saying to those who would have given them, “I am thankful to God for showing me that when the time of need comes I shall have such kind friends, but still more thankful to Him that it has not come yet.” Her garden was, small but in it were often the earliest and best vegetables that were to be seen for miles around. Some of these she would send by little Donald to the market of a neighboring town. Donald too had his bed of flowers from which he was sometimes able to sell slips of roses or a few choice bulbous roots. Seeds and slips and roots to plant were given him by my brother’s gardener, who had employed the lad, and had, as he said, “taken a liking” to him, because he had found him honest, industrious, and intelligent. With his



instructions, Donald became a capital gardener, and when he afterwards removed to the city, was employed by my brother in his place. With the wages which he thus received, Donald was able to add to his garden, till with some work from himself and constant watchfulness from his mother, it became quite profitable. He enlarged their cottage, too, so that when he brought home a wife there was room enough for her without taking any thing from his mother's comfort. His wife was a good-tempered and kind-hearted young woman whom he had known from a boy. They have six children, of whom Jessie is the eldest. She is named after her grandmother; and as she is almost always at her side has learned many useful things from her besides imitating the birds in keeping a thankful and a cheerful heart. She is constantly busy, sometimes helping her grandmother in her housekeeping, or counting her eggs, or feeding her chickens for her,—sometimes sewing beside her mother, or taking care of her young brothers and sisters,—sometimes—and I think this is what Jessie likes best—running after her father, and by his direction weeding a bed or tying up a branch, picking the strawberries, or making up into bouquets the flowers which he is to take to market. She has the family taste for gardening, and has already learned from her father a good deal more about plants than their names. Harriet goes to her always for instruction about the management of her flowers, and if a friend sends me a rare plant, is never quite satisfied till Jessie has approved the soil in which it is placed. It is from Jessie that I learn, in the spring, where the most beautiful wild-flowers are to be found.

A stroll in the woods after these wild-flowers is one of the greatest treats I can offer to my young favorites; and when, about a year ago, I sent to several of them to come to my house on a fine, bright morning, prepared for one of these rambles, with thick shoes which would keep their feet dry, if we went into low or damp places, and little baskets in which to keep their flowers, I was very sure there was not one who would disappoint me. They all came, and Jessie the earliest and gayest among them. She had brought her father's trowel to take up the roots, and away we all went,—the little ones talking as fast and laughing as loud as they could, and Aunt Kitty listening, as much pleased as any of them. Away we went,—not by the road, but through the woods, now moving swiftly and pleasantly along under the high trees, with the sunlight falling only here and there in patches on our path,—then suddenly hedged up by the tangled brushwood, and obliged to climb or jump over, or to creep through, as some of the smallest of the party managed to do,—the children now filling their baskets with buttercups, then throwing them all away because they had found a piece of ground covered with violets. At last, when the baskets were filled with the roots of violets and wood-geraniums, and each one had gathered branches of the wild-rose and clusters of the rich and graceful columbine, Aunt Kitty remembering that they had yet to walk home, gave the signal to return, and half unwillingly it was obeyed. After leaving the wood, we followed a road which enabled me to leave my young companions at their different homes before I went to mine. Mr. Graham's was the last house on our way, and there Harriet and Mary Mackay and I stopped with Jessie, as I saw her father was at home and wanted to speak to him about some seeds. Old Mrs. Graham was seated in the low, shaded porch, knitting, and there I left the children showing her their treasures, while I stepped into the garden where Mr. Graham was at work. Hav-



ing finished my talk with him I went into the house again. The children were still in the porch; and as I entered the parlor that opened on it, I heard Mary Mackay's earnest tone wishing that she could walk in the woods and pick flowers every day.

"Why, Mary!" said Harriet, "what then would become of your books and Miss Bennett?"—this was the name of Mary's governess.

"I would not care what became of them," said Mary, hastily, then added: "Oh yes, I would care what became of Miss Bennett,—but as for the books—"

"Send them to me, Mary," said Jessie, "send them to me if you are tired of them, and send Miss Bennett with them."

"Why Jessie, do you want to study lessons?"

"I don't know about the studying, Mary, how I should like that,—but I would be willing to try, rather than be a poor ignorant girl without any schooling, as Naney Orme called me the other day."

I saw old Mrs. Graham turn quickly round at this, and heard her ask Jessie, "and what did you say to Naney Orme?"

"Nothing, grandmother,—what could I say to her? It was the truth, you know."

"It is not the truth," said Mrs. Graham, "and you are a silly child to say so."

"Why, grandmother, what schooling have I ever had? You have taught me to read, and father has begun to teach me to write, and that is all I know or am likely to know."

"You are a silly child, Jessie, as I said before. You have had the schooling which is better for little Jessie Graham, the gardener's daughter, than any that Miss Bennett and her books can give."

Mary, who really loved Miss Bennett, colored up, and Mrs. Graham said to her, "Do not be vexed, my little lady, for I mean no offence. Miss Mary Mackay, who is to be a young *lady*, and must talk to ladies and gentlemen, cannot do without books and Miss Bennett to explain them. And I do not mean to say book-learning hurts anybody, but only that Jessie, and poor little folks like Jessie, can do without it, and yet that they must not call themselves without schooling; for what schooling they really want, God takes care that they may have."

The girls looked puzzled, and as I had become quite interested in what the old woman was saying, I was not sorry when my inquisitive little niece, Mary, exclaimed, "Pray, Mrs. Graham, tell me what you mean, for I cannot see what schooling little girls have who do not learn out of books."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Graham, putting down her knitting, taking off her spectacles and looking very thoughtful, "I do not know whether I can tell you just what I mean, so that you can understand me, but I will try. I think that God means that every father and mother shall be teachers to their own children, or if their father and mother are dead, there is almost always some friend who is bound to take their place, and then he spreads out books on every side of them, so that they are almost obliged to read, unless they wilfully shut their eyes;—for if they look up, there is the sun in the day and the moon and stars at night, and though they cannot tell, as I am told some great scholars can do, how far off they are, and what the stars are named, they can see how much good they do tous, lighting and warming us, and dividing the year into seasons, which everybody who knows anything of gardening, knows is a great good, and

making day and night. They can learn out of this book, too, a great deal of God's power and Glory, for he must keep all these in their places, and make them all come back to us day after day, and night after night, and year after year, without ever failing once. Then, when they look down on the ground, there is another beautiful book. They may not be able to call everything there by its right name, but they may learn what is good to eat, and what for medicine, and what is only pretty to the eye,—what soil each plant loves, and how God has provided for each just what is best for it. And so, if they look at the birds, or the poultry, or the different animals, they will find each kind has its own ways, and from each one they may learn as many useful things as from any book that was ever made. Now, my dear young ladies, this is the schooling which God provides for us all, and though, as I said before, learning from books is very good, yet those who cannot get it need not be altogether ignorant, and of the two, may be God's schooling is best for poor people."

Though I was very much pleased with what Mrs. Graham said, I was afraid my little girls would begin to think very slightly of books, so I stepped out, and telling them that it was time to go home, they gathered up their flowers, and bidding Mrs. Graham and Jessie good-morning, we set out. I waited a while, hoping, that, as they did not know I had overheard Mrs. Graham, they would speak to me of what she had said. And so they did; for I had not waited long, when Mary said, "Aunt Kitty, do you not think Mrs. Graham a sensible woman?"

"Yes, my dear," I replied, "I do think she is a *very* sensible woman."

"I wish you could have heard her, Aunt Kitty, talking about Jessie's schooling—I liked what she said so much."

"And what did she say, Mary?"

"Oh, Aunt Kitty, I cannot remember half—but she said little girls need not study books."

"Not all little girls," Mary, said Harriet, interrupting her.

"Well, Harriet, not all little girls,—but she said that little girls who could not study books, might still have schooling,—for God gave them teachers, and they might look at the stars, and the flowers, and the birds, and all the animals; and learn, Aunt Kitty, just as well as we do out of books; and I am sure it must be a much pleasanter way of learning."

"But how many little girls are there, Mary, do you think, who, if they had never studied books or been directed by such sensible teachers as Mrs. Graham herself, would look at the stars, and the flowers and the birds, and learn from them all which they can teach? Unless we see something more in these than their bright light, their pretty colors, or their gay plumage, they will teach us little, and it is generally from books or from some person who has what Mrs. Graham calls book-learning, that we learn to look deeper."

"How did Mrs. Graham come to know so much about them then, Aunt Kitty, for I do not think she reads many books?"

"Mrs. Graham, my dear Mary, has been accustomed to associate with people much better educated than herself, and as she is a very observing and thoughtful person, she has lost no opportunity of learning. And now, Mary, you see that book-learning is of more use than you ever before thought it, for the person who has it, may help to open the eyes of many who have it not, to read what God has written for us all in the heavens and the earth."

[To be Continued.]

## THE PORCH AND THE ALTAR.

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IF we be not in good earnest in religion, and our wills and inclinations be not strongly exercised, we are nothing. The things of religion are so great, that there can be no suitableness in the exercises of our hearts to their nature and importance, unless they be lively and powerful. In nothing is vigor in the actings of our inclinations so appropriate as in religion, and in nothing is lukewarmness so odious.—EDWARDS.

WHEN the rolling bottle lies still, ye may pour into it your sweetest or your strongest waters: when the rolling tumbling soul lies still, then God can best pour into it the sweet waters of mercy, and the strong waters of divine consolation.—THOS. BROOKS.

EVERY temptation is great or small according as the man is.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

DEATH is the harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid servant to day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first does not quiet him, and the folly of the latter does not enable him to die.—*Ib.*

NOTHING is so difficult, according to the world, as the religious life; nothing is easier, according to God. Nothing is more easy than to live in a high position and to have great wealth, according to the world; nothing is more difficult than to live in them, according to God, and without taking part and pleasure in them.—PASCAL.

WISDOM is, I suppose, the right use of knowledge. To know is to be wise. Many men know a great deal, and are all the greater fools for what they know. There is no fool so great a fool as a knowing fool. But to know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.—SPURGEON.

IF, in time of trouble, some prospect of deliverance is afforded by a human arm, men often put a cheat upon themselves, and talk of trusting God, while they are only leaning on a human shoulder. Remove this earthly prop, and take away all human prospect of relief, and the man cries out, "What must I do? I am undone." He cannot rest upon God's *naked* word, nor seat his heart upon the solid chair of promise, without some man's stool beside.—BERRIDGE.

WE may judge of the state of our hearts by the earnestness of our prayers. You cannot make a rich man beg like a poor man; you cannot make a man that is full cry for food like one that is hungry. No more will a man who has a good opinion of himself cry for mercy like one who feels that he is poor and needy.—PAYSON.

PARENTS often entrust their offspring to others to feed; "but I," saith He, "do not so, I feed you with my own flesh, desiring that you all be nobly born." He who giveth out himself to you here, much more will he do so hereafter.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.



FOR there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside-down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is, that the world now is wrong-side up, and it needs to be turned upside-down in order that it may be right-side up.

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